HARRY THACKER,
LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.,
Has been appointed Publishers Agent to recieve subscriptions and advertisements for the ADVOCATE. Call and see him and pay for a years subscription to the ADVOCATE. $1.00 per year, 25 cents for three months, cash in advance.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

B. D. DUNNING,
SILVER LAKE, WISCONSIN.,
Has been appointed Publishers Agent to recieve subscriptions and advertisements for the CLIPPER. Call and see him and pay a years subscription to the CLIPPER. $1.00 per year, 25 cents for three months, cash in advance.

VOL. III. No 3. J. J. BURKE. EDITOR & PUBLISHER. Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Sep. 19, 1889. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

LARGE LINE OF STRAW HATS, AT C. O. FOLTZ' GET YOUR GROCERIES AT C. O. FOLTZ'

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE,
TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.	GOING SOUTH.
No. 5, 5.20 P. M.	• No.2 5,02 A. M.
No. 7, 10,05 A. M.	No.4, 11,58 A. M.
	No. 8, 6,50 P. M.

TRAINS GIVEN STOP AT ANTIOCH.
Reference mark • Stop on signal.
W. F. ZIEGLER, Agt.

Our Home News.

Fall.

Cool nights.

Fall weather.

Look out for frost.

Overcoats are in demand.

The game law was out the 15th.

Sportsmen will soon begin to congregate out at the lakes.

The mercury found itself down pretty near the frost line Monday morning.

Farmers have commenced to cut up their corn, and the crop is in most places very good.

The Cornet Band boys and a number of our villagers attended the Odd Fellows Picnic at Silver Lake Saturday.

The hunting season opened Monday and many of our sportsmen are now out at the lakes slaughtering(?) ducks.

Carpenters commenced work on Charles Pullen's new residence in this village, Monday morning and the building will soon be up.

"R. D. Parker visited Mrs. Henry and Wauconda Monday on business." *Grays Lake Enterprise.* Wonder if his wife knew it?

Quite a number of our villagers attended the Waukesha Fair last week and report a pretty good exhibition there in the various departments.

A couple of our prominent villagers made a hasty trip over the State line last Friday morning, to escape arrest for an alleged offense against the State game laws.

A number of our citizens have been called to Waukegan during the past few days on the Condemnation suits of the Waukegan and South-Western railroad.

The Lake County Agricultural Society Fair closed a very successful week last Saturday, a large crowd having been in attendance, and a good display in all lines.

Fine and complicated watch repairing our specialty. Leave orders at Simons' Hotel, we call every Monday from 12 to 2 o'clock.
Weiskopf Bros.

A brother of Coroner Hertz of Chicago accidently shot himself in the ankle while out shooting near McHenry last Friday and bled to death before assistance reached him.

A number of men and teams are at work on the new belt line of railroad in Waukegan, and work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible in various parts of the county.

Some time ago we called the attention of the people of this village to the fact that we had absolutely no protection in case of fire, and urged that steps be taken in the matter, but up to the present time nothing has been done, and judging from the evident lack of interest felt in the matter by those who should be most active in devising some means to protect their property, nothing will be done until a fire, which is liable to occur at any time, awakens them to the necessity of some means of protection. We have repeatedly urged both through the NEWS and in private conversations that a meeting of property owners be called and the matter be thoroughly discussed and a committee be appointed to enquire into the probable cost of a hook and ladder brigade and the necessary steps be taken to secure a supply of water that will be available at all times, which could be done at a small outlay in comparison with the value of property that a fire if it should break out would destroy. Again we would ask property owners here to give this matter a serious thought and make at least an effort in the matter of protection in case of fire.

A fire in the Exposition building in Chicago last Saturday destroyed property to the value of $100.000, but fortunately no lives were lost although a number were seriously injured.

Read Strang & Webb's new ad. in this paper and call and see them. They have a fine stock of general merchandise in their new store, and sell the same at bed rock prices. Give them a call.

The latest change in train service on the Central gives Antioch all trains for Chicago passengers. In addition to the local trains, all through trains will stop on signal for passengers to or from Chicago.

Read the call for a meeting of property owners in this village to be held this Saturday evening at Chinns new hall, and come out and give us the benefit of your thoughts on the subject of protection in case of fire.

William Ramaker has sold two lots of his property on Fox Lake to Chicago parties. Consideration $200 for each lot. Property around the various lakes commands a good price and will increase in value as the years roll on.

The season for Auction Sales will soon be here and we desired to inform the public that the NEWS office is prepared to print Sale bills in any quantity at reasonable rates. Give us a call and see if we do not save you money on that line of work.

Do you take your home paper or borrow it from your neighbor? We know you read it, because when an editor says anything mean about those who do not take his paper they are sure to tell him of it and give him "particular fits" for doing so.

The reader who has paid for his paper will we are sure pardon us if we remind those who owe us on Subscription and job accounts, that we cannot live entirely on air, and would appreciate a little cash to sandwich between slices of promises.

A large force of men under road-master Hancock are unloading gravel at the depot and will raise the track and bridge accross the creek, about two feet, this will overcome considerable of the grade each side of the depot, and be quite an improvement on the central line.

Strang and Webb have moved into their new and commodious store at Lake Villa, where with more room and better facilities for the transaction of business, they will try and merit a share of public patronage. Thanking their friends for generous patronage in the past, they cordially invite all their old friends and the public in general to call at their new place of business west of the depot, where everything in a general line may be had.

We clip the following from the Salem correspondence in *Utley's Dollar Weekly*, as an evidence of how the Modern Woodmen Society redeems its pledges to the dependant relatives of deceased members:

On Wednesday, Sep. 4th the Modern Woodmen of America paid Mrs. Addie Brick $2,000, the amount of the certificate held by Mr. Brick in that order. The death of Mr. Brick takes from Salem one of its best citizens. He was one of the charter members of Hooker Lake Camp Modern Woodmen of America, a mutual benefit association which pays to the families of the deceased members one, two or three thousand dollars, according to the amount of benefit certificate held by the member. The cost of maintaining membership in the order is merely nominal not exceeding $4.50 per $1,000 per annum, at an average age of 35 years, thus giving a cheap and safe insurance to the poor man. In fact the Modern Woodmen of America is the poor man's practition, and every man having a family or dependent friends should become a member of the society. It is safe and reliable, meeting its obligation in full, notwithstanding the croakers who tried to discourage members from joining, saying it was money thrown away and no one would ever receive a cent of benefit from it. They now have before them an example of how the Woodmen reaches out its helping hand to those in need and distress, and cares for the widows and the orphans of those who seek protection within its circle.

Wood and Coal, are in demand.

A light frost Wednesday morning.

Not Winter, but like it, for the past few days.

About 70 people from this village attended the I. O. O. F. Picnic at Silver Lake Saturday.

Wrestling with refractory stove pipes, was the order of business, in this village Wednesday.

A new man has taken charge of the Thayer Butter Factory here, Mr. Rogers having moved to Batavia.

Remember John Welsh is prepared to fill all orders for Marble, or Granite tomb stones, or monuments.

LOST:— Between Antioch and Lake Maria Cottages, on Tuesday, two carriage robes, one a green cloth, the other linen, with a horses head worked in the center. The finder will please return to Williams Bros. Store, Antioch, Ills.

The members of Lotus Camp No. 557, M. W. A. will give a grand Ball at Rogers' hall in this village, Friday evening, Oct. 4th, for the benefit of the Camp. Good music will be furnished. Tickets including Oyster Supper, $1,50. Every body cordially invited.

In regard to the item that appeared in the columns of the NEWS of Sep. 5th, coming as it did from an individual party, and not from the committee as stated, we did not deem it of interest enough to make any explanation, but since it has been thrown up in our faces a number of times by some of our old customers we tender the public this explanation. We told the committee that the Burlington yards had received $2,00 per 1000 feet for lumber used for such purposes, but before they went away we told them we would deliver on the picnic grounds any amount of lumber they needed from 1000 to 5000 feet, haul it back, and repile it ourselves, for $5,00, if they would agree to make good the broken lumber. If there is anything outrageous in the above offer, we fail to see it. Hoping this will prove satisfactorly to the public, and stop the talk that is being circulated in the community, we remain, Very Truly Yours; WILBUR LUMBER CO.

I was one of the committee and knew nothing of the item above referred to, until I saw it in the NEWS of Sep. 5th. They had no authority from me to use my name. I knew that Mr. Wilbur was a Soldier, and would do all any good Soldier would do, to assist in the work of the Reunion. Respectfully;
FRANK WILLIAMS.

NOTICE TO VILLAGE RESIDENTS

There will be a meeting at Chinn's new hall in this village Saturday, Sep. 21st to try and devise some means of protection in case of fire. All property owners and interested persons in the village are requested to attend and thoroughly discuss the matter, which is of paramount interest to all.

Respectfully:
A. Chinn
E. B. Williams
J. L. Harden
C. O. Foltz
W. B. Rogers.

Lake Villa Locals

E. Bain's new house is well under way.

Quite a sudden change in the weather.

Strang & Webb have moved into their new store.

Hyatt Frost has left for the Hot Springs in Arkansas, his health being quite poorly.

Mrs. G. T. Gail will move to Chicago shortly where she expects to spend the winter.

E. J. Lehmann has furnished his Fox Lake Hotel for the accommodation of hunters on Fox Lake.

E. J. Burtis starts Thursday for Washington Territory and will visit on the Pacific slope. We all wish E. J. a pleasant journey and the greatest measure of success in his travels.

The residence of Mrs. Francis is nearing completion.

Charles Harbaugh has moved into his new residence.

A Chicago doctor has rented part of G. T. Gail's house and will locate here.

Carpenters are at work on Geo. Webb's residence, and it will soon be ready for occupancy.

A large force of men are laying iron pipes from the water tank to the lake, the tile pipes not proving satisfactorly.

SILVER LAKE NEWS.

Subscribe for the CLIPPER.

Fred Dunning is attending school in Illinois.

Two new buildings are going up here and more will follow.

The lumber yards here are doing a good business for the season of the year.

Silver Lake has no Anti-Womans Rights Society; fact is there are no bachelors here.

A number of guests are still stopping at Schennings, but the summers rush is about over.

Fred Shotliff returned to his home at Bristol, Wis. having closed his term clerking at Schennings.

A large delegation from Antioch attended the I. O. O. F. Picnic in Schennings grove last Saturday.

The wife of Station Agent Allen is expected to move to Silver Lake shortly, and take up her residence here.

B. D. Dunning & Co. are doing a rushing business and keep up with the demand in all lines of merchandise.

We have secured the services of a local editor at Silver Lake, and will in future give our readers all the vicinity news of this locality in addition to the news from other towns, and propose to make the CLIPPER a valuable addition to the enterprises of Silver Lake.

A Skunk Industry.

The latest thing out in the way of a business venture is skunk culture, if it may be so styled. At first it has the appearance of a joke, but it is nothing of the kind, as may be seen further on. Having heard that something of the kind existed in the vicinity the reporter for the Huntington (Mich.) *Herald* set out to investigate the matter, and, although skeptical at first, soon found there was "something in it."

Joseph Lininger of Grand Rapids, Mich., has a skunk farm a mile or two out of town. He says that the skunk is an animal easily raised and is quite valuable for its oil and fur. The skin is worth from 75 cents to $1.50 and the yield of oil is about the same value. They have from six to ten young at a time and breed several times in a season, the same as rabbits.

Mr. Lininger established his "skunkery" in the spring with only a few animals and now, in so short a time, there are fifty in the corral. "I set out," said he, "to raise 500 before slaughtering any and at the present rate it will not be long before that number is realized." "How about the odor?" I asked. "None whatever. You can go right to the corral and I defy you to tell by the odor that there is a skunk in the neighborhood." It seems that they never eject the acrid and offensive fluid except as a means of defense, and if not molested there is no danger. "Beside," said he, "it is an easy matter when kittens to remove from them the glands containing the offensive secretion and thus disarm them for life."

Household Hints.

If your wife is an expert marks-woman avoid sarcasm at the breakfast-table.

Keep pets if you want them, but do not house a swarm of hornets in the spare room.

It is just as well not to encourage the boys to swap off your bric-a-brac for the tops and agates of other boys.

Have dinner at 1 or 6 p. m. It is only in ill-regulated households that the dinner hour is 8 o'clock in the morning.

Young poets who keep house must not leave their verses where the baby can get at them and chew them up.

It is permissible to cut the icicles off the piazza roof with the carving-knife, if you want to do it and have the icicles.

People should always keep their cellars bailed out. It would be dreadful if the house should fill up with water and founder.

Take an interest in the education of your son. It may result eventually in a dude who can spell, which is a rare creature in the world of freaks.

Don't give the baby everything he cries for. He may want the earth some day, and at the present value of real estate you might find difficulty in gratifying his whim.

It is not considered in good taste for wealthy persons to paper their parlor walls with receipted bills for the works of art, and carpets, and furniture contained therein.—*New York Evening Sun.*

THE MAN IN THE LINEN MASK.

A Russian Story of Nihilism, Love, and Devotion.

In the blind asylum at Steglitz, a short distance from Berlin, there lives a man who until recently was as mysterious a personage as the famous "Man of the Iron Mask." Certain persons high in authority made application for apartments at the asylum which should be worthy of a wealthy occupant. He appeared a short time after, accompanied by a beautiful woman, who was addressed as his wife. The man was tall and well made, and dressed in the height of fashion, with hands that betokened gentility of birth. The woman was young and aristocratic in looks and bearing. About the face of the man was a linen mask, with an opening opposite the mouth and nostrils, which was never removed in the presence of attendants. He sat in a dark room, to which the servants were rarely admitted, and conversed with few. His food was given to his wife, and the inmates of the asylum knew nothing of their names and history further than the fact they were from Russia. Rumors were rife, as was natural, and many ingenious stories constructed to account for the strange imprisonment. But the mystery has at last been solved, and the "Man of the Linen Mask" proved to be the hero of a strange and touching tale.

A year before the death of the late Czar of Russia, although the scion of high and mighty family, the young nobleman, like so many of his class, became interested in the trials and hopes of the Nihilists. Time and association made him one of their ardent sympathizers and assistants. When the murder of the emperor was planned, unfortunately the execution of the dreadful deed fell to him. The news staggered him. His oath bound him to the Nihilists, his family ties to the Czar. Thoughts of his people and the attendant disgrace influenced him and finally deterred him; he refused to commit the crime. A year passed by. Another revolutionist had thrown the bomb which he had declined to do, and Alexander was dead. He had forgotten almost that he had been a Nihilist, but not so those whom he had forsaken. Passing along one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, when about to greet a woman on the opposite side, something was dashed into his eyes, and in a moment the light of day had gone. His mouth was deformed, his cheeks burned and distigured. It was the work of a Nihilist, before whose modern inquisition he had been found wanting; vitriol had performed the work. Mad with pain, he was taken home, but the injury was beyond reparation, and the doctor's aid in vain. The Government had confiscated his estates upon learning of his revolutionary sympathies, but restored them in part when informed of the fate which had overtaken him. The mask was placed upon his head, for he was unpleasant to look upon.

But the heroism of one woman was shown, the heroism of his fiancee. She was a Countess and the daughter of a house as famous and powerful in Russia as was his own. She was heart-broken when told of the fiendish act, and the meeting between the lovers was touching in the extreme. With sorrowful heart he offered to break the engagement and make her free again. But the brave woman refused and declared that she would remain with him till death took her away. And they were married in the little church on the old estate, attended by their relatives and friends. And on their wedding day they started for the blind asylum in Steglitz, where they had hopes of restoring the poor man's sight. And here his wife attends him with unfailing devotion and prays for the day when the afflicted nobleman can again look upon her face.—*Berlin Letter in the New York Tribune.*

Man's Judgment of Woman's Dress.

Said a woman the other day: "I would rather have a man's opinion about my gowns, any time, than a woman's. He does not know once out of a hundred times what the material is, or what it is worth. He does know, however, whether or not it is becoming. Now, a woman will sit up in your room and tell you what a beautiful gown it is. All the while she is looking you over from head to foot saying to herself that the gown cost so much, the trimming so much, and the buttons so much. You can see that she thinks she could have bought the gown for $20 less, and have had it made up in a much prettier way. If the gown pleases a man he shows it in his looks and perhaps says something pleasant about it. Whether he says anything or not, if he likes it his look of approbation is more than satisfactory, while if the gown is not pretty or becoming he simply doesn't notice it. That is the way of a man; he never sees a thing that is not attractive, and is quick to appreciate one that is."—*New York Tribune.*

A Pear Supper.

Did you ever take a pear supper? This is the way to do it: Gather in your friends at evening. Let tea be taken and a mere souvinir of bread. Then, while all are fresh, unstuffed, and unsalted, bring in your pears, seven or eight kinds. Let one man carve. Take the probably poorest first, and yet your poorest must be good. Give to each guest a section of the same pear. Eat together from the one fruit and be united and magnetized by the spiritual essence of the one fruit. So on from fruit to fruit, and from kind to kind. Thus, each one, without cloying or overfulness, will have tasted of each kind, and of every specimen. Pears thus discriminatingly and unselfishly eaten will prove to be not the forbidden fruit!—*New York Ledger.*

Fashioned for the Wealthy.

Borrowit: "It seems to me, Moses, that this coat is entirely too short." Moses: "Ah, my dear sir, dot vos made for my finest trade—the shentlemens who nefer wear any patches!"—*Texas Siftings.*

Correspondents Wanted.

We want a good live Correspondent at every news center in Lake, McHenry and Kenosha Counties, and will give a reasonable compensation for good service. We want the news, and all the news, but have no use for tiresome digressions as we prefer to write the tiresome articles ourself. For terms etc. address the NEWS, Antioch, Ills.

A SCHOOLBOY'S LUNCH.

Whims and Habits of Public School Children Described by a Teacher.

"A growing evil in the public schools, and one which gives the teachers much trouble," said the principal of a male primary school in Baltimore to a reporter of the *Sun*, "is caused by parents giving the scholars money to buy their luncheon. The habit is a pernicious one. Not long ago I was called by a teacher to one of the classrooms, where a little fellow had his lunch spread on his desk. His mother had given him 10 cents to buy his lunch, and this is what he had bought: Two sticks of chocolate, two pieces of cocoanut, two lumps of taffy on pieces of stick, one large cucumbur pickle and a piece of chewing gum. It is an every-day occurrence for children to have such lunches. If they are not given money with which to purchase indigestibles, they often bring them from home. Childlike, they either eat the cakes or other sweets first and have no appetite for the solids. Besides the effect it has on the children's physical health, it too often affects them morally.

"From cinnamon cigarettes they often drift to purchasing those made from tobacco. A boy will often do more to secure the favor of the apparent leaders of his class than he will to avoid the displeasure of his teacher. On numerous occasions when I have written to parents requesting them not to allow their boys so much spending money, the parents have either written to me or called and informed me that they had no idea that their small boys spent so much, as they had only occasionally given their sons small amounts.

"Many of the schools have adopted a plan of making the scholars deposit their lunch package or basket with the teacher as they enter the school-room. Those children who do not go home at midday to dinner are allowed half an hour's play in the yard. At 12:30 they are called to their school-room and their lunches are distributed. With an appetite whetted by the half-hours' romp, they relish their lunch, no matter how plain it might be.

"Boys, as a rule, are not so bad as most people imagine. A boy who is not mischievous is, of course, a rarity. As a rule, boys are placable enough when judiciously managed.

"It is wonderful with what regularity the seasons for the different games are observed by the boys. When the edict goes forth in its mysterious way that it is top or marble time it is irrevocable, and the stores have to be provided with a stock of material for the sports. Unlike field sportsmen, the boys require no fixed statutes to regulate their season of particular sports.

"The present is the top and shinny season, the cord-top now being the favorite. This will be followed by whip-tops, after which will come marbles. Leap-frog is a Fall game, it being at the season when the boys feel like that sort of play. Of late years base ball, or as much of the game as the limited school-yard lots and streets will permit, has occupied their attention during the Spring and Summer.

"Wind gets into the head and heels of a boy, and teachers dread a windy day, as the boys are hard to manage then. In fact, the atmosphere affects boys particularly. Teachers in different portions of the city by comparison of dates have found a great similarity in the behavior of the boys on certain days."

How the Arabs Make Tea.

The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it carefully with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near the point of boiling she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream was then poured, and the ladle put in requisition again, and after a time the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs were handed around and the tea ladled into them, this tea forming meat and drink and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler.—*Eastern Travels.*

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THOUSANDS OF ARTICLES MUST BE SOLD
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TO MAKE ROOM FOR
FALL GOODS.
Come early and often,
Yours Truly;
C. O. FOLTZ,
Antioch, Ill.

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

BY J. J. BURKE.

ANTIOCH, - - - - - - - - ILL.

IF Black Bart hadn't been in such a hurry he might have got a chance at that 500-pound gold brick from Montana.

THOSE who cherish the belief that the national debt is a national blessing will rejoice in the fact that it increased more than $6,000,000 during August.

THE British sealers go on sealing and stealing. Where is that boasted vigorous foreign policy which was to twist the British lion's tail till he wept loudly?

IT is said Treasurer Huston proposes to go back to the system of bookkeeping and public debt statement in vogue when the Cleveland administration took hold.

A LAW for the protection of actors might or might not be a good thing. But there is no doubt regarding the merits of a law to protect the public from bad actors.

THE new law proposed by the Minneapolis convention is calculated to take bankruptcy from the catalogue of ills and place it among the lighter and more agreeable diversions of this not too jolly life.

THE King of Servia is said to be very angry because his kingdom can't afford to buy him a crown. No sympathy should be extended to His Majesty, for a monarch who would wear a crown during the recent hot weather ought not to have one.

THE Shah says the Kohinoor is an unlucky jewel, and to prove it recalls that the Queen lost her husband soon after acquiring the stone. It is feared that there are not a few married women who would accept the Kohinoor even though they were certain that Queen Victoria's unhappy fate accompanied the gift.

THE Iowa farmers, in the convention of their Alliance at Des Moines, declared for many populars needs. They demanded the Australian ballot, equal taxation, lower rates on moneys loaned by the State, and a continued watchful regulation of the railways. The Alliance fixed upon Chicago as the place for the world's fair in 1892.

THE refusal of the Chicago big dressed-meat men to testify before the Senate Committee of Investigation is nothing new in similar inquiries by Congressional committees. It is not probable that any very serious consequence will result to the contumacious witnesses, nor to the dressed-meat industry, nor to the country at large.

The latest phase of New York life is that of a man who has been supporting four children who were palmed off on him as his own. And yet that city professes to be a proper place for the World's Fair. Congressmen finding it difficult to support their own children will be chary of voting for such a city.

THE young woman who wants to go over Niagara falls in a barrel, alleging that she has had lots of adventures in the Tennessee mountains, will find that all the garter-snake frights she has experienced in that country will not be a patching on the way that she will feel when once the barrel gets a good start over the cataract.

ONE outgrowth of the big London strike is the renewed demand of laborers for an eight-hour day. The demand is being continually made coupled with that of the same or increased pay for the reduced number of hours. The main argument brought forward in its favor is that more men would find work if those already employed had less.

THE London strike of dock-workers is not a contest of labor against capital, but of labor against privilege. Those who keep down the pay of the workmen are not the ship-owners but they who possess the monopoly of the places of landing. New York has done better than London in that she owns her docks on the same principle that the highways and streets are public property.

THE difference between English and American authorities in dealing with persons charged with crime is shown in the case of Mrs. Henrietta Cook, of Osborne county, Kan., who was confined for thirteen years in the State Penitentiary for poisoning her husband with arsenic. She has just been unconditionally pardoned on the evidence of two men who went hunting with her husband and who swore that he was in the habit of taking arsenic for heart troubles.

THE German naval forces which carried away King Malietoa two years ago to the Cameroons—notoriously unhealthy islands—thence by steerage to Hamburg, and thence to the Marshall group, have become aware of how sneaking and underhanded a trick it was, and have brought the poor old broken-down King home to die. But it is no longer Malietoa's native land. True, he is a native, but not a foot of the Samoan islands is his land, for German, English, and American syndicates own more land in Samoa than there is dry ground at low tide. And it was about this that the war was. The syndicates are the upper and the nether millstones and between them are the natives.

NEWS OF THE W[EEK.]

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

EAST.

Miss Della Walker, aged 19, beautiful and accomplished, committed suicide at London, N. H., by drowning. Two girl friends, with whom she attended the Vermont Academy, killed themselves last winter.

The trial of Mary Glynn, on a charge of poisoning her mother to secure the insurance on her life, was begun at Pittston, Pa. The accused, with her husband's aid, is also suspected of having "removed" her father-in-law and mother-in-law.

The creditors of John S. Mackintosh wool-puller of Milton, Mass., whose liabilities are $155,000, agreed to give him further time to effect a comprise.

Louis Gesell, a building contractor of Cleveland, Ohio, has been missing. He was known to have $700 in his pockets. His young wife is almost insane from grief and anxiety.

A number of small stores and dwellings were burned at Beauharnois, Quebec, causing a loss of $35,000.

The visible supply of grain afloat and ashore on September 14, as reported by the New York Produce Exchange was: Wheat, 15,497,456 bushels, an increase of 1,590,456 bushels; corn, 12,891,980 bushels, an increase of 801,282 bushels; oats, 5,915,914, a decrease of 185,313 bushels.

The negotiations for the sale to a syndicate of the Monongahela River coal operators' interests are said to be progressing favorably, and may be consummated by the 1st of January.

At New York, Nathaniel Miles, President of the Tradesman's National Bank, was held for trial for letting premises for immoral purposes.

The two Nicely brothers, who are under sentence of death, escaped from jail at Somerset, Pa., by overpowering the sheriff and mortally shooting one of his deputies.

One hundred Arabs from Syria arrived at New York, and were locked up pending action as to their admission.

Charles Michaux, a lawyer of Kansas City, was arrested at New York for acting strangely, but in court was discharged. He pays a detective agency $100 a day to take care of him until Wednesday next, when he expects to sail for Europe.

The Cigar-makers' International Union began at New York its eighteenth annual convention.

Indictments for grand larceny and conspiracy were returned at New York against Eva Hamilton (the alleged wife of Robert Ray Hamilton), Mrs. Swinton and Joshua Mann.

Stockholders of the Thomas Iron Company, at New York, have refused an offer from an English syndicate of $3,500,000 for their plant, believing it to be worth at least $1,000,000 more than the price offered.

At the Queen City meeting at Cincinnati Frank A., Snow Bird, and Sallie B. were the winners.

President Harrison returned to Deer Park.

The New York Sun printed a story charging Henry S. Ives with an attempt to rob the estate of the late Christopher Meyer of $7,000,000.

New Yorkers congratulated themselves that the storm which raged all week was passed, but scores of vessels are dismantled all along the coast.

A complaint has been made to the Inter-state Commission regarding the classification of freights on soap.

A man who calls himself Tascott has been arrested in Buffalo.

The storm week on Wall street witnessed a slight depression in prices without any apparent change in popular sentiment regarding the future of the market.

John Pringle, referee in the Gaudaur-Teemer boat-race, decided the race a draw.

The winners at the Amateur Athletic Union grounds, New York: Luther Cary, of Chicago, 100-yard dash; Owen, 220-yard dash; R. A. Ward, of Detroit, 880-yard run; pole vaulting, Stone, of England.

Dave Johnson won a pot of money on Tea Tray's heat-race performance at Sheepshead Bay.

The winners at Sheepshead Bay were Prodigal, King Crab, Reclare, Come-to-Taw and Tea Tray.

Mr. George W. Childs gave a luncheon to Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," at the Aldine Hotel, Philadelphia.

Counter attractions and foul weather operated against the Island Park Trotting Association making any money, and the meeting closed rather suddenly.

The entries for the Fleetwood Park meeting promise excellent report.

Business failures for the week number 176, against 190 in the corresponding week of 1888.

At Brooklyn Oliver A. Samulson attempted to kill his married daughter, and when John Curley interfered fired at him also. Curley returned the fire, but neither was wounded. Samulson then went into his room, cut his throat and shot himself in the chest.

At Ticonderoga, N. Y., John Gordon, an employe of a paper mill, fell asleep near the machinery, and two other workmen, to scare him, tied a rope about his feet and then threw it over a revolving shaft. They could not cut the rope in time and Gordon was killed. One of the practical jokers has become insane from the shock.

The funeral of Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox took place from the First Presbyterian Church at New York, the floral tributes being magnificent. Vice President Morton, ex-President Cleveland, ex-Governor Hoadly, and other distinguished citizens were present. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

Fire at Danby, N. Y., destroyed nearly the entire business portion of the town. The loss is placed at $22,000, on which there is an insurance of $9,000.

Near Ogdensburg, N. Y., the Canadian steamer Rothesay ran into and sunk the tug Myra, two men going down with her. The Rothesay, which had a large excursion party on board, was then beached, and her passengers landed in safety.

F. W. Gesswein, a millionaire tool manufacturer of Brooklyn, N. Y., was shot and killed by Christian Deyhle, whom Mr. Gesswein had lately beaten in a patent suit. Deyhle entered Mr. Gesswein's private office and demanded $500, which Mr. Gesswein refused to give him. Deyhle then drew a revolver from his pocket and fired one shot which passed through Mr. Gesswein's heart.

Forest fires in the vicinity of Bangor, Me., are doing much damage. Country roads are impassible on account of the heat. The cities of Fredricton and Moncton, N. B., are are surrounded by flames, and the people are fighting to save their property.

James H. Moreley, one of the oldest and most prominent railroad engineers in the country, died at Windsor, N. Y.

In the Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania a half-mile of ground just outside the town of Plymouth settled over a coal mine. Several mules were in the mine at the time and all were killed. The miners escaped with but the loss of their tools.

A barge at Ellis Island, N. J., broke from its fastening and drifted toward Black Tom Island. It was loaded with dynamite, and it is feared that should the barge strike the rocks at Black Tom a terrible explosion will occur.

The Great Council of the Improved Order of Red Men is in session at Baltimore. During the past year the membership increased 10,850.

Simon Wolf, President of the Jewish order O. K. S. B., recommends memorial services in honor of the late Congressman Cox, "a friend of Israel in and out of Congress."

Mrs. Margaret A. Dillard, of Easton, Pa., whose husband was murdered, has confessed that her paramour, William H. Bartholemew, fired the fatal shot and that she was an accessory to the crime. The object of the murder was to get Dillard out of the way so that Mrs. Dillard and Bartholemew might live together.

Ocean City, Md., has been totally destroyed by the wind and waves, entailing a loss of thousands of dollars. The dwellers on the beach were rescued with difficulty.

An offer by an English syndicate of $3,500,000 for the Thomas Iron Company's works at Hokendaugua, Pa., has been accepted.

More than a score of vessels were washed [ashore] at Lewes, Del., by the storm, which continues from Cape Hatteras to Maine. Rain has fallen heavily from Norfolk to Boston.

An epidemic of scarlet fever has broken out in the Colored Orphan's Home at Allegheny, Pa. Up to Thursday twenty-six children have taken the disease.

Hardware dealers are holding a secret meeting at Pittsburg for the purpose, as alleged, of forming a trust.

Near Loudon, N. H., Joel S. Ordway, aged 80, was robbed of $9,500 by two confidence men at the point of a revolver. Ordway had drawn the money from bank to show that he was able to support his title to his farm, which he wanted to sell, and for the purchase of which one of the swindlers pretended to be negotiating.

Reports to the Farmers' Review indicate that the hog crop of 1889 will equal, if it does not exceed, the yield of last year.

Congressman S. Cox died at 8:40 o'clock Tuesday night in his home at New York.

The strike of green-bottle glass-blowers has been settled in favor of the workmen in all the Western districts. It is expected that the window glass strike will be settled within two or three weeks.

The Democratic State convention of New Jersey renominated Leon Abbett for Governor, and indorsed Cleveland's tariff record.

The steamer Theodore Weems caught fire in the harbor of Baltimore, Md., and before the flames were gotten under control, $30,000 worth of damage had been done.

Tuesday night at 8 o'clock Wilkesbarre, Pa., and surrounding towns were shaken by an earthquake, the disturbance lasting several seconds.

Joseph T. Kelly, of South Orange, N. J., a son of Eugene Kelly, the New York banker, was blown from the platform of a Delaware, Lackawanna and Western train as it was crossing the Newark Meadows. His head was crushed against a pile of ties and he was instantly killed.

It is said that the Mackey syndicate have purchased the controlling interest in the Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan Road for $1,717,000, and that the first payment of $50,000 has been made.

WEST AND SOUTH.

Near Hope, Ind., Thomas Frey, a prominent farmer, was fatally gored by a bull which attacked him as he was crossing a field.

The stage between Forest Hill and Auburn, Cal., was stopped by a lone highwayman. He demanded and received the Wells Fargo & Co. treasure box and made his escape.

Citizens of Hackberry, Arizona, are fearing an attack from the Indians located near that place and are preparing to defend themselves in case of an outbreak.

Bob Younger, one of the notorious bandit brothers, serving a life sentence in the Stillwater (Minn.) Penitentiary, died of consumption.

Pink-eye caused the death at Ash Grove Stud, Kentucky, of the trotting stallion The Clown, a son of the noted George Wilkes, dam Violet, by Mambrino Star. He was valued at $10,000 by his owner, Mr. W. L. Simmons.

It has been discovered at New Orleans that interest has been paid up to date on bonds for $318,000 which were supposed to have been destroyed in 1879. Who is responsible for the fraud is not clearly known.

In the United States Circuit Court at San Francisco, Cal., Judge Sawyer discharged Deputy Marshal Nagle from custody on a writ of habeas corpus. Pending an appeal to the United States Supreme Court, Marshal Nagle was released on his own recognizance.

The Davenport Ball Club, leaders in the Interstate League, met and disbanded. The managers claim that there is a conspiracy in the league to rob their club of the championship.

Owing to his articles on Siberian prisons, George Kennan was elected an honorary member by the Polish National Alliance.

Paul Steindl, a cripple, who has been selling matches in the streets of Milwaukee, has been left $20,000 by an uncle who recently died in Germany. Steindl served a term for killing District Attorney McArthur.

While repairing an awning at the dry goods house of Pardee, Mills & Co., at Peoria, J. A. Whettony overturned a gasoline lamp. The man was seriously burned, and the building narrowly escaped destruction. The damage to stock by smoke and water amounted to nearly $6,000.

An order directing the enforcement of strict quarantine against cattle from Weld and Logan Counties, Colorado, was issued on Monday by Governor Thayer, of Nebraska.

By the fire in Bamberger, Bloom & Co.'s establishment at Louisville, five men lost their lives and others were wounded. The total financial loss aggregates $1,263,000.

Lorenzo Krug died in the Joliet Penitentiary. He was serving an eighteen year term for murdering Lucy Heidelmeyer at Chicago, and was suspected of having poisoned three wives.

The New Era Exposition at St. Joseph, Mo., with all the exhibits, was burned. The total loss is figured at $259,000. Studebaker Brothers, the Huyett Piano Company, and the Steel Car Company, of St. Joseph, are the largest individual losers.

At Fremont County jail at Sidney, Iowa, a prisoner named Haynes jumped on Sheriff Tate as the latter entered his cell and beat him into insensibility. But for the timely arrival of several citizens who heard the noise Haynes would have escaped.

Throughout Northwestern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin the thermometer fell nearly fifty degrees from Saturday to Sunday night. A severe frost was noticed in many places on Sunday night.

Heavy frost Sunday night in the Necedah, Wis., district caused serious losses to cranberry growers.

Fred Gleim, a rich German farmer of Streator, Ill., was worked out of $5,000 Thursday on the three-card monte game by two very shrewd young men who managed to get away with the money.

At Homer, Ill., two men named Penney and Kissinger were arrested for passing counterfeit silver dollars. A search is being made for their dies and plates.

Aunt Dinah Young, a negress, died at Louisville, Ky., at the age of 113.

The South Dakota Farmers' Alliance is to have a voice in locating the capital.

Harry Lancey, an alleged agent of Adam Forepaugh, worked the people of Wheeling, W. Va., and was arrested.

The constitutionality of the Scheffer-Forbes law regarding dressed meat is to be passed upon at St. Paul.

The Harrington-Curtis prize-fight prosecution at Eau Claire, Wis., is thus far a great failure.

The silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Clem Studebaker was celebrated by the well-known couple by a house-warming at their stately residence in South Bend, Ind.

Colonel H. H. Evans, the assignee of the Aurora Watch Company, will open the works.

Suit is to be brought by several colored people of Milwaukee against Jacob Litt, manager of the Bijou Opera House, under the civil rights law, for refusing them admission to the best part of the house.

At Peoria, Ill., the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nullemyer, obtained possession of a bottle of carbolic acid and swallowed a large quantity. The child's face and hands were eaten away and it died five hours afterward.

A. E. Touzalin, President of the Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad, died in his residence at Bennington, Vt.

The Columbus Park Company, of Chicago, for amusement purposes, was granted an incorporation license Friday at Springfield.

The meeting of the National Association of Fire Engineers was closed at Kansas City and Detroit was selected as the next place of meeting. George C. Hale, of Kansas City was elected President.

It is said that dealers in Newton County, Mississippi, can not supply the demand for Winchester rifles made by the whites, who fear that the negroes mean to make serious trouble. The negroes say that they have been organizing politically, but not for war; and conservative citizens believe their statements.

H. J. Clark, Queen's counsel at Winnipeg, died on a Canadian Pacific express train from the bursting of a blood vessel. He was at one time Attorney General of Manitoba.

The model barns of Captain Sherman, near Eau Claire, Wis., were burned, causing a loss of $15,000.

August E. Anderson and H. D. Austin, leading citizens of Kasson, Minn., have been arrested for sending obscene letters through the mails.

Osmun Dickson, a member of the G. A. R. and a resident of Colon, Mich., was found dead in the mud near the mill race at Jackson, Mich. The appearance of the surroundings lead to the suspicion that he had been murdered. He had recently been discharged from the Soldiers' Home at Grand Rapids.

The Central Pacific Railroad bridge at Upper Cascades, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, was destroyed by forest fires. One mile of snow sheds were also destroyed.

Word was received at Bloomington, Ill., that William M. Mills, whose home was at Arrowsmith, Ill., has been murdered at Charlington, La.

In Yellowstone Park, the geysers and boiling springs are reported to be in furious state of activity, including the wells that were supposed to be extinct. Scientists claim that this outburst has some connection with the great storm now prevailing on the Atlantic Coast.

At Baker's Station, Ind., William Brill was put off a train for not paying his fare, whereupon he shot and killed the conductor, James Lemon.

At Morganton, N. C., a mob broke into the jail and took two prisoners, one white and the other colored, both charged with murder, and hanged them. The citizens are excited over the affair, and propose to punish the lynchers.

Joe McAuliffe, and Pat Killen fought at San Francisco, Killen being knocked out in the seventh round.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Major Warner informed President Harrison that he could not accept the office of Commissioner of Pensions owing to the nature of his professional duties.

Lewis A. Groff, of Omaha, Neb., was appointed by the President Commissioner of the General Land Office.

The Postoffice Department has issued a circular inviting bids for supplies for the next four years.

The reports from Washington showed less rain than usual in the principal agricultural districts.

Corporal Tanner, Commissioner of Pensions, tendered his resignation to the President.

President Harrison appointed Henry C. Warmoth, of Louisiana, Collector of Customs for the New Orleans District.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Cholera has broken out at Constantinople.

The czarewitch arrived at Hanover. He was met at the railway station by Emperor William.

Thomas A. Edison, before his departure for Berlin, gave 10,000 francs for the benefit of the poor of Paris.

Large numbers of nihilists have arrived in Denmark recently, and it is feared an attempt is to be made on the life of the czar during his visit to Copenhagen.

Professor Siebold has discovered arsenious acid in glycerine. Medical men agree that this has an important bearing on the case of Mrs. Maybrick.

It is stated that Germany is about to place an army corps on the Belgian frontier and reinforce the troops in Alsace-Lorraine.

A report says that M. de Freycinet, minister of war, intends to double the strength of the army corps stationed at Nancy.

Liverpool will have isolated petroleum tanks, to cost $150,000 and capable of holding 19,000 tons.

Two tithe collectors were ducked in Wales and one badly beaten. All were compelled to swear that they would abandon their calling.

The trades union congress at Dundee has proposed an act of Parliament to shut out foreign workmen.

It is believed that negotiations are on foot for a new agreement between England and Germany regarding Africa. It is probable that the Sultan of Zanzibar will cede the islands of Malta and Pemba to Germany as an offset to the Benadir concession to England.

The disappearance of Rev. Mr. Barfield, a congregational Minister, from Walsall causes much speculation. Mr. Barfield is said to have incurred the enmity of the Irish Invincibles by some utterances of his in a series of tory political speeches in London. There are rumors of his having been lured to Ireland by a fictitious invitation to lecture there, but the police have not yet been able to verify this supposition. The clergyman's friends fear that it is another Cronin case.

A LEPER AT ST. PAUL.

The Health Officers Looking for a Man Thought to Have the Disease.

Andrew Olson, a Swedish laborer from Anoka, has arrived in St. Paul, and attracted a great deal of attention while walking through the streets. Judging by appearance, the man was suffering from leprosy, and all persons he encountered went out of his way for fear of contagion. He called at the office of Dr. Pierce and was referred to Dr. Senkler, who decided that Olson was a leper, but allowed him to depart. Olson only came to this country from Sweden a short time ago, and brought the disease along. The attention of the health officers was called to the case, and they are looking for the man now and will commit him to the pest house if he can be found.

La Crosse Will Bridge the Mississippi.

It now seems that La Crosse, Wis., will at last obtain a passenger bridge across the Mississippi River. The plans drawn by the city engineer, locating the bridge at the foot of Mount Vernon street, have been approved by Major McKenzie, chief of United States engineers at Rock Island, and forwarded to Washington. The city council has advertised for purchasers of the $70,000 bonds, and the contract was let for the building and grading of approaches, amounting to $52,000.

Death of a Hero.

Judge W. Milo Olin died in Atlanta recently aged seventy-six years. He had resided there fifty years. He voluntarily acted as nurse for the sick during the yellow fever epidemics at Norfolk and elsewhere, and refused to accept any compensation for his services.

Edison Abroad.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison has gone to Heidelberg. He will return to Berlin to exhibit the phonograph to Emperor William, Prince Bismark, and Count Von Moltke.

A Famous Indian Fighter Dying.

Captain Ross, the noted Indian fighter and father of Governor L. S. Ross, is dying at his house in Waco, Texas.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

BEEVES—Extra	$ 4.50	$ 4.70
Choice to Fancy	3.50	4.55
Good Shipping Steers	3.25	4.15
Poor to Medium Steers	3.20	4.03
Fancy Cows and Heifers	2.10	3.20
Fair Cows	1.40	1.50
MILCH COWS—per head	18.00	40.00
HOGS—Mixed	4.20	4.40
SHEEP—Native	3.90	4.87
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.75	.78
CORN—No. 2	.34	.35
OATS—No. 2	.23	.28
POTATOES—Per bushel	.75	.80
POULTRY—Chickens, live, per lb.	.09	.10
Ducks " "	.09	.09
Turkeys, " "	.12	.13
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.15	.16
Fine Dairy	.12	.13
Low Grades	.06	.08
CHEESE—Full Cream	.07	.08
Off Grades	.03	.05
EGGS—Fresh, per doz.	.11	.12

ST. LOUIS.

BEEVES—Choice Natives	$ 3.75	$ 4.80
HOGS—Choice	4.20	4.40
SHEEP	3.50	4.70
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.75	.80
CORN—No. 3	.30	.35
OATS	.23	.26

MILWAUKEE.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red	$ .70	.75
CORN	.30	.34
OATS	.28	.30

TOLEDO.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red	$ .70	$ .75
CORN—No. 2	.30	.35
OATS—	.25	.27

DETROIT.

WHEAT—No. 2, Red	$ .75	$ .80
CORN	.30	.33
OATS	.25	.27

KANSAS CITY.

BEEVES—Grain and Corn Fed	$ 3.85	$ 4.10
STEERS—Grass Range	1.70	2.60
HOGS—	4.05	4.49
WHEAT—No. 2, Soft	.70	.75
CORN—No. 2	.25	.26
OATS—No. 2	.21	.25

THE HOWLING WAVES.

Terrible Experience of Steamers in the Surges of the Atlantic.

Many Lives Lost and Fearful Work on the Coast—Floating Corpses—Damage to Shipping.

The severest storm which has visited the Atlantic coast in twenty-five years has been raging there. A dispatch from Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 10, says: "At 11 o'clock the island is nearly inundated. The loss here will be great. At intervals in the last hour the velocity of the wind has been at the rate of sixty-one to sixty-two miles an hour. The wind still blows from north to north-east, with little prospect of changing. The chief damage has been along the beach from the inlet to Longport. The seas are beating twenty feet high above the inlet pavilions. The water surrounds the cottages on Atlantic avenue. Plum's, Smith's, and Rogers' Inlet hotels are in imminent danger of destruction. There are very few sections of the board walk standing. Down North Carolina avenue the seaside bath-houses went down at 8 o'clock before a mountainous wave; loss, $10,000. Jackson's bath-houses are all gone with the exception of twenty-five rooms. These will in all probability go by the night tide. From Kentucky avenue to the Traymore lawn the loss is great. Dr. West's drug store, Smith & Brady's baths, and other pavilions are all in ruins. Bew's bathing parlors and summer bath-houses are almost a total wreck. The loss in this one section will not be less than $20,000. The Windsor Hotel withstood the morning tide, although the foundations suffered greatly. Messrs. Greet & Cook, of the Traymore, quote their loss at $2,000 by the morning's tide. The Hotel Brighton has sustained no loss although the lawn is covered with water. While standing in the pavilion outside of the board walk, and a short distance below Howard Pier, a woman holding a child in her arms was

LIFTED UP BY THE WIND.

and thrown into the water. Mr. Walter Field, a photographer, jumped into the water and saved the couple. Thirty thousand dollars will not repair the loss from Griffith's carousel to the Chelsea Pavilion. Two large boarding-houses, the Gladstone and Cincinnati, each containing twenty rooms, were raised from their foundations and crushed like kindling wood. These houses were worth at least $5,000 each. St. Monica's Roman Catholic Church at Chelsea, although greatly exposed, is still standing. The chimneys have been blown over, however. The first morning train to Longport started this morning, but was compelled to return, the track having been washed away."

THE SURF AT LONG BRANCH

ran so high that it washed the outer end of the great ocean pier and tossed its foam and spray 200 feet inland. The bluff has again been badly damaged, and it will cost fully $170,000 to repair it. The worst cut in the bluff is opposite the site of the old East End Hotel, north of the Hotel Brighton. Here the surf has eaten half through Ocean avenue and every assault of the angry waters makes the gap bigger. Down in front of the United States Hotel there is a cut that extends into the roadway. There is a third one at North Bath avenue. All along the ocean front the surf has undermined the bluff, and big chunks of earth are falling down and being swallowed up by the boiling waters. The surf has twisted several of the iron piles of the ocean pier out of shape and torn off the railing of the sea end. Many of the hotel bathing houses have been torn to pieces, and the beach pavilions of the cottages have been undermined and swept away. The big fence of Jesse Seligman, the New York banker, was blown down, as were also the ice-houses of the Elberon Hotel. Many of the cottagers will have to build new bulkheads. Trees were blown down in all parts of the town, and the shrubbery on the lawns of the cottages was torn by the roots. The entire lot of the new bathing houses of James H. Woolley at the front of the Howland Hotel bluff were torn out and knocked into splinters in the surf. The telegraph wires are all down.

ADVICES FROM THE DELAWARE BREAKWATER

state that it was the most furious storm known to the oldest inhabitants. At least two score vessels are now beached. Both wooden piers were washed away. The beach from Rehoboth to Lewes is strewn with wrecks. It is thought at least fifty lives were lost. Men were seen clinging to the rigging of the fast-sinking vessels, frantically yelling for help. The life-saving crew was powerless to render assistance, owing to the fury of the gale. It was a fearful sight to witness, but no human power could save them. Their bodies were washed ashore in the morning and were buried in the sand along the water. The loss to vessel property at Breakwater will reach, it is thought, $5,000,000. The storm has continued here with unabated fury, but beyond demolishing a few outbuildings and fences and the up-rooting of some trees, there has been no appreciable damage in this immediate vicinity. Further up the country peach orchards have been ruined, some have scarcely a tree left standing.

THE GREATEST UNEASINESS

is felt by the members of the Maritime Exchange of New York for the safety of vessels in the offing. In a roundabout way it was learned that only two vessels had come up to quarantine on Wednesday. They were the new Morgan Line steamer Elmar from New Orleans, and the Hamburg Steamship Company's steamer California. The California has on board a big load of immigrants.

The new German steamer, Kaiser Wilhelm, which left her dock at Hoboken Tuesday, was obliged to lay to this side of quarantine over night. The vessel passed out to sea at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning, and the regular weekly fleet of transatlantic steamers followed soon after.

Private advices from the quarters of the health officers down the bay show the storm at quarantine continuing with great fury. The wind is blowing a heavy gale from east-north-east, and the seas wash over surrounding walls. Along the Battery wall the waves dashed far up into the park. The iron railing surrounding the wall alongside of Dock Commissioner's Building, at Pier A, was carried away, while the docks at Castle Garden were being completely washed. The Custom House quarters at the end of the immigrant dock was completely filled with water, and the landing agent's office was submerged.

A REPORT FROM QUARANTINE

says: A number of steamers proceeded to sea including the two Bremen steamers and a Cunard Line steamer. The pilots on board these vessels will undoubtedly be carried off, as no pilot boats are in sight to land them. Another report from quarantine says: The storm continues with the wind freshening from the east-northeast and a high sea running. Great damage is being done to property along the Staten Island shore. Several steamers and pilot boats are anchored in Gravesend Bay, outward bound.

In all, nine pilots were carried away Wednesday on steamers they were directing outward. They could not meet any pilot boat to take them off on account of the storm.

SAMUEL S. COX IS DEAD.

Passing Painlessly to His Rest—Sketch of His Career as Statesman and Author.

Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox, who had been lying ill with peritonitis at his home, 13 E. 12th St., New York, breathed his last at 8:40 o'clock Tuesday night. His physicians practically gave up all hope this morning. Mr. Cox sank gradually all day long, and the end came painlessly from the exhaustion of the vital forces. At the illustrious congressman's deathbed were his wife, his sister, Mrs. J. A. Hardenburgh, Private Secretary N. J. Hirschfield, Douglas Taylor, Mr. Cox's life-long friend, Dr. G. R. Lockwood and the two nurses. For a half-hour before the end Mr. Cox was unconscious, and his death was even announced a few minutes before he had drawn his last breath. The watchers at his side heard a slight rattle in his throat, and saw his breast heave slowly once. This was all that told them that he was dead, for the expression on his face did not change in the least.

During the morning the dying man spoke frequently of his western trip and of the warm reception he had received there. Since his trip he has taken a deep interest in the new states, and had spoken often of the legislation which he intended to introduce at Washington in their behalf. This recurred to his mind, and he dwelt on it often during the morning. Mr. Cox turned to Dr. Scudder with a smile an hour or so before his death, and said that he was surprised to find in how little pain he was. The acuteness of the disease had spent its force, and the lack of pain was simply an indication that the fatal exhaustion had set in. At 6 o'clock one of the watchers asked Mr. Cox if he wanted to be moved. He did not reply, but raised his arm to grasp the cords which hung over his bed as if to show that he had still the power of assisting himself. Very soon after he lapsed into the unconsciousness from which he never rallied.

Mr. Cox's death closes a career which has been public for nearly forty years, and which has made his name familiar in every household in the land. He had already become famous when he served in Congress before the war because of the curious sobriquet which was attached to his name, and which lasted him for his entire life. Being once asked if his nickname annoyed him, he replied: "I like it." A nickname is a good thing for a public man, and if it is suggestive of something unique it individualizes as could be done in no other way," and then he told how the sobriquet became applied to him. He had been impressed one evening with the beauties of a sunset which he witnessed on his way to his office. At that time he was editor of the Columbus Statesman. "That sunset," he said, "put me in a poetic mood and I wrote a letter on it for my paper. It was a revelation of editorial writing in the West for I spun my flight pretty high. The newspaper-readers of the West expected polemics and political leaders full of praise for our side and gall for the other, and a description of the sunset was regarded as a child's play. They took it up in other papers, and somebody out of the incident called me 'Sunset' Cox. The name stuck, and while my friends knew that my name is Samuel Sullivan the American people as a general thing are of the opinion that S. S. stands for 'Sun Set.' I have been introduced to more people as Sunset Cox than as Mr. Cox, and I suppose that fully one-half of my mail comes addressed to me in that way."

His record in Congress he justly regarded as a noble one. Equally great was his pride in his literary work, although no one knew his shortcomings in that direction better than he did himself. He wrote "Eight Years in Congress," and in 1883 was suffering from a sense of political injury to such an extent that he had serious intentions of retiring from public life and of devoting himself entirely to literature.

Few men have combined so many brilliant qualities. Mr. Cox was a statesman, diplomate, humorist, author, and orator, and his presence on the floor of the House will be sadly missed. It will be especially a loss to his party, which stands particularly in need at the present time of quick-witted, ready men.

He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, Sept. 30, 1824.

JACK THE RIPPER AGAIN.

Another of London's Fallen Women Butchered and Placed on a Highway.

The most horrible murder yet perpetrated in the Whitechapel district came to light Monday morning, when a policeman discovered the body of a disreputable woman lying under the railway arch that spans Cable street. The head and legs had been cut off and carried away and the stomach ripped open, leaving the bowels lying upon the ground. The trunk was nude and a torn and bloody undergarment lay on the ground beside it. From the fact that there was no blood on the ground it is apparent that the woman was butchered somewhere else and the body conveyed to the place where it was found. Experts are of the opinion that the woman was killed at least two days ago, and that the murderer, who seems to have possessed considerable surgical skill, must have consumed several hours in the dissection of his victim.

Early this morning, a police officer, whose beat is through this lonesome district, detected the body of the murdered woman. The policeman blew his whistle as a signal for the murderer to get out of the way, and after abundant time had elapsed for any one to escape from the neighborhood a police cordon formed around the spot and a search was made, with the result that three drunken sailors were found in a state of alcoholic coma under the next arch, whose condition effectually exculpated them from any complicity in the crime. The reporters were carefully excluded from the spot, and the usual marvelous asininity of the London police force was brought to bear upon the case. The result is that this murder remains as great a mystery as the others in the Whitechapel series.

The police are as much in the dark now as when the body was found this morning or when the twelve other bodies were found on twelve other different mornings.

The murder has created tremendous excitement among the wretched denizens of Whitechapel. On Sept. 3, 1888, the body of Annie Chapman, the fourth of the Whitechapel series, was found in Hanbury street, Spitalsfields. It had been mutilated like those preceding, and, chalked on a wall above the body were these words: "Fifteen before I surrender." Twelve have been killed by two assassins, who, in the minds of these people, are one and the same man, and the question of the dissolute and depraved women of the district today is "Who will be the next?" for they firmly believe that the Ripper will send fifteen of their number to death before he stops.

It is said that a man named John Cleary told a newspaper man last Sunday that the murder would be committed.

Explosion and Loss of Life.

Five men were killed by the explosion of a boiler used to run a thrashing machine on the farm of W. Snyder, one mile east of Carbondale, Ill. Following are the killed and injured: John W. Snyder, A. J. Lydget, John Biggs, Isaac Miller (colored), George Spiller, leg broken. For several seasons Mr. Snyder has used a steam thrasher on his place. The boiler recently showed some defects, but it was not considered dangerous. Toward noon the boiler was discovered leaking, and an attempt was made to stop the leak. There were six men near the boiler as the order was given to shut down. Five were instantly killed, their bodies being mutilated and thrown a considerable distance. George Spiller narrowly escaped death. Two or three seconds before the explosion he had turned and was walking away. He was knocked down and his leg was broken.

A Funeral Instead of a Wedding.

Judge James L. Bombill, an old and honored resident of Clay county, died on his wedding day in Asheville, Ala., last Thursday. He was seventy years of age, and for several months past has been engaged to marry Mrs. Clayton, a well-to-do and accomplished widow. Thursday was the day set for the wedding, and 7:30 p. m., was the hour. The license was procured and the bride and groom were attired in their wedding costumes. Everybody in the little town was in the church. As the groom was waiting for his carriage, he was stricken with apoplexy and died before the vehicle arrived. His friends witnessed his burial next day instead of his wedding that night. Judge Bombill was a high Mason and was buried with Masonic honors.

The Train Robber in Court.

BESSEMER, Mich., Sept. 13.—Holzhey, the young robber who terrorized northern Michigan and Wisconsin all summer and was captured at Republic a week ago, had his preliminary hearing at this place. He maintained the same air of bravado which he has exhibited ever since his capture. He was accused of robbing a Northern Central train single-handed, of stopping a stage with intent to plunder, and with robbing the Lake Gogebic coach and murdering one of its passengers, but refused to answer any questions whatever. To every inquiry he replied: "I have nothing to say." At the conclusion of the hearing he was bound over to the circuit court on the double charge of robbery and murder. He will have his trial at the October term. The court room was packed with people anxious to see the man whose exploits have occupied so large a share of public attention since May.

He May Be the Ripper.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The inquest to-day in the case of the woman whose headless body was discovered in the Whitechapel district yesterday morning was conducted with closed doors and extraordinary precautions are taken to prevent the medical testimony in the case being made public. The rumor is afloat that one of the doctors has pointed out that the surgical work of the fiend who committed the murder bears a remarkable resemblance in certain features to peculiarities which have frequently been noted by the profession in the work of a well-known London surgeon, a man of the highest standing in his profession, but exceedingly eccentric. The police refuse to either deny or to verify the rumor.

Strikes Did Not Worry Him.

Peter Conver, who used to run a paper in Forest County, Pa., never had but one strike during his lifetime. One day the devil was commissioned to announce to Conver that the only printer on the paper, and the only one in the county, was on strike for back pay.

"Very well," said Conver, "just issue a circular to our subscribers stating that on account of the death of our grandmother there will be no paper issued from this office for six weeks. Our subscribers are entitled to this rest anyhow, and we will save expenses for six weeks. See?"

"After that what?" inquired the devil.

"If the printer does not capitulate by that time we will issue another circular that our mother-in-law died, and the office will be draped in mourning and business suspended for the usual time. We can hold out as long as our relations last."

Then Conver would buy enough whisky to keep him drunk for two months at least.

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Respectfully:

THE NEWS OFFICE,

ANTIOCH, ILL.

NOTES from the diary of tourists, commercial travelers, business men and others has revealed:

That the Wisconsin Central has the unqualified endorsement of all;

That the Wisconsin Central has to-day the most popular line between Chicago and Milwaukee, and St. Paul, Minneapolis and the Northwest;

That the Wisconsin Central is daily adding to its admirers as the recognized Pullman line between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland, Duluth and Lake Superior;

That the Wisconsin Central touches the most prominent points in Wisconsin, and that it has more important business centers on its through line than any other railway to and from the Northwest;

That the Wisconsin Central has made an enviable reputation with its peerless Dining Car Service;

That the Wisconsin Central runs fast trains on which all classes of passengers are carried with commodious and distinct accommodation for all;

That the Wisconsin Central has representatives distributed throughout the country, who will cheerfully give any information that may be desired and that its terminal Agents are specially instructed to look after the comfort of passengers who may be routed via its line.

For detailed information apply to your nearest Ticket Agent; or to representatives of the Wisconsin Central Company.

WM. S. MELLEN, GEN. MANAGER. JAMES BARKER, GEN. PASS. & TKT. AGT.

LOUIS ECKSTEIN, ASST. GENL. PASSR. & TKT. AGT.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

AUTUMN DREAMS.

When the maple turns to crimson,
And the sassafras is gold;
When the gentian's in the meadow
And the aster on the wold;
When the moon is lapped in vapor,
And the night is frosty cold;

When the chestnut burrs are opened,
And the acorns drop like hail,
And the drowsy air is startled
With the thumping of the flail—
With the drumming of the partridge,
And the whistle of the quail;

Through the rustling woods I wander,
Through the jewels of the year,
From the yellow uplands calling,
Seeking her who still is dear;
She is near me in the autumn,
She, the beautiful, is near.

Through the smoke of burning summer,
When the weary wings are still,
I can see her in the valley,
I can here her on the hill,
In the splendor of the woodlands,
In the whisper of the rill.

For the shores of earth and Heaven
Meet, and mingle in the blue;
She can wander down the glory
To the places that she knew,
Where the happy lovers wandered
In the days when life was true.

So I think when days are sweetest,
And the world is wholly fair,
She may sometimes steal upon me,
Through the dimness of the air,
With the cross upon her bosom
And the amaranth in her hair.

Once to her, ah! to meet her,
And to hold her gently fast,
Till I blessed her, till she blessed me—
That were happiness at last,
That were bliss beyond our meetings
In the autumn of the past.

—[BAYARD TAYLOR.

A STRANGE LOVER.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

There was a battered desk on the kitchen sideboard, from which the domestic took out what was required, and Aurelia wrote down her mother's address. She supplemented it with the *written inquiry*—

"What is your name?"

"Biddle," was the reply: "widow the last twenty years; no husband or chick, child or friend in the world."

A footstep in a walk close by cut short the conversation. If so it may be called. Aurelia, by signs, intimated that they were interrupted, and was hurrying down the path when Seth Hardman, *with a cigar in his mouth, appeared.*

"Don't run away, Mrs. Marsh," he said; "I only want a few words with you. No; on my word, I am not going to talk nonsense to you."

"Kindly make your communication as brief as possible," Aurelia said.

"Marsh is busy with the wine," said Seth Hardman, "so you need not be so anxious to avoid me, Mrs. Marsh. Did *it never strike you that I am your* friend?"

"I have not been able, hitherto, to look upon you in that light," Aurelia said.

"In all truth," he returned, "I am your friend, and I want to ask you one question. Is this house your own choice as a place of abode?"

"You know it is not, or why should I have asked if *it was yours?*"

"Marsh assures me that it is, and declares your distate for it to be all sham. But if you say that you had no voice in taking it, I believe you. The question then comes, why are you brought here?"

It was this question that Aurelia had asked herself; the question put by Mrs. Biddle; and now it emanated from the man whom she believed to have been chiefly instrumental in the business. What did it all mean?

"Is it worth your while to deceive me?" she asked, after a pause.

"No," he replied, "it is not. I can gain nothing by it that I know of. To be frank with you, I find that you are a different women to what I expected. However, I will not quarrel with you. It is possible for a rejected lover to be*come a very good friend.*"

"I am particularly anxious," said Aurelia, "that there should be nothing confidential between us."

"As you will," he said carlessly. "But perhaps, in spite of yourself, you may learn to look at me in a better light. If Marsh has brought you here with any sinister object with regard to you, I promise him that he shall not go unscathed."

"I suppose I ought to be grateful," returned Aurelia.

"But you are not," he said; "and I can hardly expect it. I am but a very poor guardian to sit up nioft watching over any one. There are dark records in *my life* that shut out the possibility of my playing a double *role.* But I counsel you this far: Do not allow yourself to be left in this house *alone with your husband!*"

Having given this warning with an earnestness that left no doubt of his sincerity, he raised his hat, turned on his heel, and sauntered away.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO PATHS OF DUTY.

Mary and her husband came back from their brief honeymoon, and entered at once upon their busy life—inseparable from the career of a poor practitioner.

Doctor Jacks had done his best to do double duty, but there were arrears in spite of his energy, and Gordon Gray had to spend his first evening from home looking after the sick and poor.

He went out cheerfully that first evening; but for Mary's sake, called on Mrs. Bevan, to ask her if she would go over to the surgery and take her husband, to spend a few hours with the young bride.

"I was thinking of coming over," Mrs. Bevan said.

"By-the-way," said Gordon Gray, "have you heard from Aurelia?"

Mrs. Bevan could not do less than *confide in him the story of Aurelia's* visit home, and the intelligence received only that morning announcing the taking of the White House.

"I know the place," said Gordon Gray, gravely. "There was a—— Well!—it's not a nice place to live in. It is very lonely, and quite shut in from the road."

"I am very miserable about Aurelia," Mrs. Bevan *replied.* "Poor child! I fear she has fallen into bad hands."

He went away in a troubled state of mind. He could make as little of the mystery of Aurelia's marriage as Mrs. Bevan. "Why," he asked himself, "did the fellow seek her at all? It looks as if he had some hidden purpose in marrying her."

The idea took possession of him, and *he confided all he knew at a later hour* to Doctor Jacks, who could make nothing of it.

"We must wait until a letter comes from her," he said. "If she does not write in a day or two, you had better go over. Meanwhile, say nothing to your wife; after all, there may be no cause for anxiety."

Two days passed and no letter came. *Mrs. Bevan's anxiety deepened,* and Audrey Bevan, acting on her advice, expended a shilling in a telegram—

"Hope you are comfortable in your new home."

Before night a reply came back.

"All well. Will write to-morrow."

So far, there was relief. Notaing serious need be apprehended. The letter, however, was looked forward to with much anxiety, and by the last post, on the following night, it came.

Mary and Gordon had come home with Audrey Bevan for an hour or two, and all most intimately concerned in the letter were there to ascertain its contents.

Aurelia's letter was not satisfactory.

She said her home was "quiet," and jested in a feeble manner about her "one deaf servant." None of the neighbors had called, or seemed likely to call, and "Bowley had taken to *gardening.*"

"He goes about with a spade, and digs in the shrubberies, and all sorts of odd places. He says he must do something to amuse *himself in this dull* place, and there is, indeed, plenty for him to do. The grounds are over-run with briars and weeds. He is kinder to me than he was, and I have nothing more to say against Mr. Hardman. It it possible that I could be happy here if you were nearer to me. Bowley says that if Mary would like to run over for a day or so, he would be glad to see *her.*"

"This is brave news," said Mrs. Bevan.

It was so different to what she expected that it lightened her heart of the chief weight of her burden; although *when analysed, as Gordon Gray* mentally analysed it, there was nothing particularly comforting in the letter.

He, however, joined in the approving comments uttered by the others, and volunteered to spare Mary early in the coming week.

"For one day only," he said jocosely. "You shall go over on the Monday, and on the Tuesday afternoon I shall come *for you.*"

"But will it be right to take Mary from you?" Mrs. Bevan asked.

"Mary had better go," said Gordon quietly.

On his return home, he left Mary for a few minutes to attend to something in the surgery. It was a little matter in which he stood in need of Doctor Jecks' advice.

The old practitioner was busy making up the books of the day in the dispensing-room. He looked at Gordon in *surprise as he entered.*

"Anything up?" he asked.

"Nothing professional," Gordon answered. "It is domestice."

He gave the doctor an outline of the letter received from Aurelia, dwelling particularly on the parts relating to *Bowley* Marsh's sudden passion for digging, and the newly developed amiability toward his wife.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Looks bad," said the old doctor.

"Then you think——?" Gordon paused.

"Yes; just what you think," was the reply. "He means *murder!*"

For a few moments both were silent. Doctor Jecks closed the book, filled his pipe, and began to smoke.

"What is to be done?" asked Gordon.

"What can *you do?*" said the other. "One safe thing to do would be for you to spare your wife for a week, so that she could see what is going on."

"And if he should kill her too!"

"He will not do that. He is anxious for Mrs. Gray to go down, and while she is there he will, no doubt, be all honey! That will be the blind. His motive for murder I begin to see."

"*What is it!*"

"He is jealous of his friend—"

"Doctor Jecks, I—"

"Oh! do not get upon stilts. I know there is no cause for his jealousy, but that goes for nothing. He *is* jealous."

"Then why does he not get rid of his friend?"

"Ah! that is the one thing I don't know. But jealous he is; and I think it is *his intention to kill both,* bury them in his grounds, and then give out that they have run away together."

Gordon Gray looked hopelessly at this explosion of the situation, but made no reply.

"At present I only see in part," Doctor Jecks went on; "by-and-by I hope to see the whole. It is a strange story altogether, and would not be a bit like *real life, if real life were not full of* marvellous things."

Gordon Gray rose up, and took his hat from a chair on which he had placed it.

"You think you have hit upon the right thing?" he said.

"As far as murder goes," replied Doctor Jecks. "Yes, the man means it."

"*It is like sending one's wife into a den* inhabited by some dangerous beast."

"So it is; but she had better go. You need not give her any hint about watching and noting things; her womanly instincts will prompt her to that part of the business. When she comes back ask her half-a-dozen questions, which I will prepare for you, and her answers will tell us how far we are justified in *our fears.*"

Gordon Gray went home, pondering over what the doctor had said. It appeared to him that the shrewd old man was not far out in his surmises, but still there was much hidden from the mental sight.

He thought he would confide in Mary, notwithstanding the advice he had received; but his heart failed him when he *saw the smile of welcome on her bright,* young face.

During his absence she had prepared supper. It was only cold meat and a salad, but with the woman he loved at the table it was a feast for the gods. How different to the old solitary supper, with a book before him to prolong the meal and take him from the thoughts that come to all lonely men.

"*It is hard to have any shadow in our* lives, he thought.

"I hope that there will be no patients wanting you this evening," Mary said. "Would it be very wicked to say you were out, if anybody should come?"

"Possibly a white lie might be excusable," replied Gordon, with a deprecatory shake of the head. "A message comes with an immediate call; a man or *woman is taken ill and dying; you rush* off and find the sufferer quietly sleeping. Another brings word that so-and-so is ill—no more; you think there is not much in it, and delay for an hour. That delay is fatal, the patient has taken a turn for the worse, and no medical man can save him."

"Did you ever know of such a case?" asked Mary.

"Yes, once," he said. "It was a young girl, who appeared to be without a friend in the world. She worked in a boot factory and lived alone. She was above that class of worker, and never mixed with her fellows. One day she was absent, and nobody thought much of it. But late in the afternoon she was heard raving in her room, and I was sent for. The messenger simply said the girl was ill, and I did not go immediately."

"And when you went?"

"She was dead. In her delirium she had risen up and thrown herself from the window. Nobody was tending her. Now, if I had gone at first, I should *have seen that watching was necessary.* Poor girl! I tried to think she was best out of misery, but one can't quite make things fit that way."

"And after she was dead?"

"She was buried, my dear Mary; hidden away in a grave to which she was taken by the parish. In fact she had a pauper's grave. She had a refined, delicate face, small hands and feet, and *some of her linen was marked* with a monogram; there were at least four letters in it, and we could never arrange them to our satisfaction."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRUE INDIAN STORIES.

Life in Michigan Forests Half a Century Ago.

An Author Who Paints the Savage as he Really Was—Interesting Extracts from the Work.

Mr. Darius B. Cook, a veteran newspaper man of Niles, Mich., has issued a little book which gives an account of his life for six months in 1839-40 among the Indians of Michigan. It is one of the few genuine Indian books in existence. The savage is painted as he really was, and shown to be cruel and treacherous, a thief and a liar, and yet, notwithstanding *all these defects, to have* some very noble qualities when a white man had tact enough to make the Indian his friend. Fifty years ago in November Mr. Cook was told by his physician that if he remained longer in his position on the staff of the Kalamazoo Gazette he would be a dead man inside of six months. The doctor's prescription to Mr. Cook was that he should go *and live among the Indians for half a* year or so, and that by doing that there was a chance of his recovery. The fact that Mr. Cook is alive and well to-day shows the wisdom of the doctor's advice, although the patient at that time had some doubt about his being able to stand the hardships and privations of life among the Indians.

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They took with them a sleigh load of bedding and wolf traps and half a dead horse for wolf bait, together with the rifles, ammunition and cooking utensils, and started for the wild forests of Allegan County, and they located in the wilderness in an old log shanty that had been used for making shingles in. The shanty was twenty feet square and there was no chimney in it but a fireplace in the corner with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. The first night in camp was spent amid the howling *of wolves around the door of the* shanty. In fact the wolves had made this log hut their rendezvous and all night long they kept up the howl that prevented the campers from sleeping. The next day the campers set a number of their traps, and although each trap caught a wolf the wolf managed to get away. At last they fixed the traps to bent saplings that when the wolf made a jump *the sapling sprung up and kept the wolf* dangling on his front feet, and so prevented the animal from getting away. Mr. Cook's companion in this camping-out life was a Mr. Rhodes, and each of them had some interesting fights with the common enemy, the wolf.

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At one time Mr. Cook went so far from the cabin that he could not return that night, and found when he went to camp out that he had but one lonesome match with which to start a fire. This precious article, however, did its duty, and probably saved his life, for the wolves surrounded him all night and *were kept at bay only by the bright* fire. Another time the two campers saved the life of a squaw who had been treed by the wolves, and who, by the time they got to her and scattered the animals, was nearly frozen to death. This was the squaw of the great chief Saginaw.

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A portion of the Pottawatomie tribe of Indians were encamped about a mile from their cabin. One of the Indians stole a ham from the two campers. They captured the Indian, made him confess to the theft and bring another ham. After that they had no more trouble with that tribe. But on another occasion another band completely cleaned out the camping establishment. They followed their trail and the two men alone jumped in on the Indian camp and told the chief that restitution must be made. There seemed a *possibility of an ugly time for a little* while but the chief was in a great rage at the theft, or at least pretended to be, and the Indians promised to give back what was left of the stolen goods and buy more. One thing that could be said for them was that when they promised a thing they performed it, and four of them left on ponies and bought another set of supplies, which they brought to *the camp.*

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There were other thieves that were not so easily dealt with. One time when the boys got back in the camp they found the cabin occupied by a huge *black bear. They suddenly closed the* door on the animal, thus imprisoning him, and then they climbed on the roof and watched his rage. They thought for awhile they could capture him alive, but that was found to be impossible. The bear in smashing things up around the cabin managed to get his paws among the hot coals on the fire and then there was a circus.

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Saginaw was a great chief and had fought with Tecumseh in the war of 1812. Another member of the tribe was Judson, who was the interpreter. He had been educated by Gen. Cass and was a young man of a great deal of ability, who spoke both Indian and English fluently. He proposed one time that they would prime up old man Saginaw with whisky and get him to tell of his campaigns with the British in 1812. They brought a reasonable amount of whisky with them and at first Saginaw would not talk, but as he warmed up to his work he gave them an account of *the death of Tecumseh. Tecumseh, he* said, was shot dead by Col. Johnson. He was not skinned, as has been said, but was buried by Saginaw and his friends. His pipe was secured by Saginaw and the tomahawk fell into the hands of Noonday, who was also with Saginaw when Mr. Cook and his friends were camping out there. As Saginaw proceeded to drink more whisky and to *relate the atrocities of the Indian cam*paign he became more and more excited and seizing his scalping knife made such demonstrations that the young men thought it best to step outside and cock their rifles. It took the combined efforts of three of Saginaw's squaws to calm the old man down and after pacifying him with presents of tobacco the young men got out of the story-telling episode without trouble, in which they were remarkably lucky, for the old man's scalping fever was on him.

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The chief, Noonday, gave Mr. Cook the last speech of Tecumseh as it was delivered by that great chief, standing on a log, just before the battle of the Thames. He said: "Warriors, we are all armed for the conflict. The Americans are our enemies and they seek to deprive us of our loved home. They seek to destroy us. The British are our *friends. They will give us our homes* and make us happy. This land belongs to the red warriors and the American would rob us of this and send us beyond the Wabash. Let us defend our homes. The scalps we gather in this day we will offer to the Great Spirit. Follow me and victory is ours." Speaking of this speech at the end of his book, Mr. Cook says: "Tecumseh was right when he *delivered his speech to his warriors just* previous to the battle of the Thames. He foresaw their destiny and his predictions have been fulfilled. An inferior race must yield to a superior who have no respect for rights. Another century will wipe out every vestige of the Indian race on the American Continent and they will only be known in history."

Morganatic Marriages.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg is by *no means the first Prince who has mar*ried beneath him. Putting aside the time honored if somewhat problematical case of King Cophetua, there ar the most distinguished precedents for a prince falling in love with a lady whom he is not allowed to marry without a *diminution of status.*

The late Emperor William I., when a young man, was desperately in love with a lady, who, though of ancient and noble lineage, was not of royal birth. The Prussian authorities looked upon the proposed match as constituting a serious danger to the established order of the universe and it was abandoned.

Prince Alexander's father, upon whom *the salvation of a kingdom did not rest,* married a lady whose parents were not princely and who became the mother of a family of which Alexander of Battenburg as one of the manliest princes of the age does every credit.

These unions are described by the perhaps mysterious terms "morganatic," which it may, perhaps, be well to explain. There was an ancient custom by *which the bridegroom on the day after* the wedding gave his bride a morning gift—morgangabe.

In the case of a nobleman wedded to a wife of low estate this morning gift constituted the wife's portion or. endowment and from this gift such marriages took the name morganatica. The German law, continuing this tradition, allows the members of a reigning house and of certian noble families to contract marriages in all respects legal and valid except that it gives to the partner of lower birth and to the children no share in the rank, titles and distinctions of the privileged house. Such marriages have often been eminently happy ones.

Snow-Plowing Extraordinary.



The man who invented the snow-plow, shown herewith, was evidently at some time or other snow-bound in a railway *train on the plains and didn't enjoy it.* He has thrown his whole soul into the subject and, if his invention works, should to given a perpetual free pass between Penobscot and Alaska. A model of the above was exhibited last week at the Buffalo fair.

Undersold the Owner.

"Your reference to the bantering style of doing business calls up many funny reminiscences," said an old merchant to a Utica Observer man. "I must tell you of one occurrence that took place in a neighboring country store. The proprietor was noted for being particularly affable and obliging to his customers, and he had a clear-headed and smart young man for clerk. One day one of the best customers of the concern called to buy a dress pattern. The price was seventy-five cents, and after a long talk the clerk closed the bargain at seventy cents. While the clerk was selecting trimmings, etc., in another part of the store, the genial proprietor came along rubbing his hands, inquired after the family of the customer, praised her taste in *selecting that particular line of goods,* and as a special favor to a good customer let her have it for sixty-eight cents *per yard.* The clerk returned and the lady told of the reduction the proprietor had made. The clerk was furious, but not in the least disconcerted. He saw that if the customers thought that he was selling higher than others in the store they would avoid him and his discharge *would follow. So he says:*

"I just looked at the bill and can sell you that piece at sixty-five cents a yard.'

"When the deal was completed the proprietor was as angry as the clerk.

"'Do you know that I made the price sixty-eight cents?' said the proprietor.

"'Yes,' said the clerk, 'but I want you to *understand that no man can nu*dersell me in this store.'

"He kept his job."

A Fly-Catching Rat.

Almost any evening during the summer people passing the wall-paper store of Henry Lehman, at No. 1108 Douglas street, Omaha, may witness the singular and interesting actions of a medium-sized and cunning-looking rat. According to the Republican the animal makes its appearance after the store is closed for the day, or soon after six o'clock, and its favorite resort is on the ledge inside of the large plate glass window. It engages *largely in the pursuit and* capture of the flies that buzz about and alight upon the window glass within reach of its active little front feet and its hungry mouth. It is remarkable to see how rapidly the little creature can capture flies. It devours a fly with a few quick crunches and a gulp, and then races away to get another one. The rat will sometimes spring clear off all four *feet and swipe a fly from the window to* the ledge below, where it pounces upon it as quick as a flash, and seldom lets a victim escape. The animal continues this pursuit until darkness comes on or some one scares it away from its favorite feeding grounds. This makes the third summer that this rat has followed fly-catching in the window of that store. Two years ago one of the clerks *caught it and put a brand on it which is* plainly visible.

A Most Generous Soul.

The late William Thaw, of Pittsburgh, who died the other day, leaving a fortune *estimated* at $20,000,000, was a most generous philanthropist, the fame of whose good deeds appears to have been confined within narrow limits. It is said that he dispensed $3,000,000 during his lifetime in charity, and the greater part of this sum he distributed at his own door to poor people who came to ask alms. It was his custom to draw a generous amount of money in *small bills from his bank every morning,* and for an hour in the forenoon he relieved the necessities of all who came to his house. He would then go to his office and give an hour to the same form of charity each afternoon. Outside his private office he had benches placed, so that all comers might sit while waiting, and the unfortunates were ushered in one by one. He had a cordial greeting for every one, and it was rarely that anybody went away empty-handed. He had a particularly warm spot in his heart for discharged convicts and another for a woman with a baby. Of course he was frequently victimized by sharpers, but those who abused his charity never partook of it again.

STRUCK A FORTUNE.

A Newspaper Carrier Who Won $30,00 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

In a neat little brick cottage, at No. 3407 *La Salle Street,* there resides the happiest and snuggest little family of Germans that could be found in many a *mile's huat. It is the home of Charles* Meinhardt, his wife and little 3-year-old daughter. Only a few months ago, Mr. *Meinhardt was in tolerably fair circum*stances, now he is what may be called the Jay Gould of West St. Louis. In *short, at the last drawing of the Louisi*ana State Lottery he held a tenth part of the number 87,735, which drew the capital prize of $300,000. A *Star-Sayings* reporter called at the residence of Mr. Meinhardt this morning. Mr. *Meinhardt was out on some speculation,* but his wife met the reporter and said: "We are now a very happy family. We won $30,000 and got every cent of it a few days ago. It was a very lucky thing, and we have only been playing in the lottery for about four months. I have been buying all the tickets, but I got them under my husband's name. I bought this lucky one and took $2 out of his pockets to buy it, and I'm glad I did it now. My husband will continue to carry papers, but he will invest in real estate to a considerable extent. I would like to see somebody else do as well as we. We intend to play a little every now and then."

Two other gentlemen of this city held one-twentieth tickets and each drew $15,000, one through the Lafayette and the other through the Fourth National Bank. Besides the above luck of St. Louisans, there are any number of people holding numbers for similar prizes. The heaviest winners at this drawing were all in pretty fair circumstances, and now that they have acquired sudden wealth, intend to have a pretty good time out of it. Two of them are investing in real estate in the West End. Mr. Meinhardt, while still carrying papers, is contemplating a trip to the old country with his family.—*St. Louis* (Mo.) *Star-Sayings* August 28.

From New Gravestones.

A new collection of poetical epitaphs contains the following:

Open wide ye golden gates
That lead to the heavenly shore;
Our father suffered in passing through,
And mother weighs much more.

Our papa dear has gone to heaven
To make arrangements for eleven.

The winter snow
Congealed his form
But now we know
Our uncle's warm.

We can but mourn our loss,
Though wretched was his life,
Death took him from the cross—
Erected by his wife.

Her Face Was Her Fortune.

She was as pretty as a picture and so ani*mated and lively that it did one good to look* at her. She was all this but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses linger no more in her cheeks, the former luster of her eyes is gone. She is a woe-begone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women and needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It recuperates the wasted strength, puts the whole system right, restores the roses and the luster and makes the woman what she once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a dose.

Lo Deprived of All His Fun.

The Secretary of War will station a troop of cavalry at Fort Sill to prevent the Kiowa Indians from indulging in a war dance. One by one the innocent pastimes of the noble red are being taken *from him.* Little is left for him now except to draw his rations and drink whisky. But then, of course, there must be some employment found for the Secretary of War.

There never was an ugly man who did not excuse his looks by thinking that he was smart.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Some people you like until you find them out, and others you do not like until you find them out.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Flatter a girl by calling her a woman; flatter a woman by calling her a girl.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water.

Do a man more than one favor, and he will expect it as a regular thing.

If not above being taught by a man, take this good advice. Try Dobbins' Electric Soap next Monday. It won't cost much, and you will then know for yourself just how good it is. Be sure to get no imitation. *There are lots of them.*

A man with the bust head will promise himself anything.

A lucky man is one who saves what he earns.

Old Smokers Prefer "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

A wise man is one who has been often deceived.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Looked Liked a Whole Row of 'Em.



Denver Man (looking at bridge warning)—Say, pardner, they must hev hed quite a hangin' bee here lately. See the ropes left arter they cut the cadavers down?

Omaha Man—Yes; wish we had been *here. I hev not ken'* very well posted, but I was under the impression thet they hed not hung the Cronin murderers yit. Guess I hev missed a paper or two.

A Fairy Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the genius of industry and breathed upon his *thread and changed it to two shining ribbons* of steel. It was a railroad. Throngs of people whirled past him in luxurious cars, and he read upon the train the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central!"

The man who feels around in the dark for a door, and gets an arm an each side of it, occupies the time of a recording angel for fully five minutes.

"The days of miracles are past." That may be, and yet some of the most wonderful things ever witnessed by the human family have occurred within the last decade. Not the least of these wonders is the success which the agents of H. P. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., are meeting. Write them for particulars. They will show you how to work wonders.

Nothing ever causes a young man greater surprise than to find out that some one has fallen in love with his sister.

Out of Sorts

Is a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or it may be caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right, appetite is capricious, the nerves seem overworked, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition finds an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon restores harmony to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves and body, which makes one feel perfectly well.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for three years, and have taken it personally with great success. It has always built up my system, by giving me a good appetite, has cleared my skin, and has made me sleep. I have suffered from nervous prostration, and have been cured by nothing but Hood's Sarsaparilla and occasionally a few of Hood's pills." G. F. JUNKERMANN, Supt. of Music of Public Schools, Cincinnati, O.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Baby Carriages We manufacture to sell direct to private purchasers, and deliver free of charge within 700 miles of Chicago. Send for Catalogue. CHAS. RAISER, Mfr., 62-64 Fifteen Ave., Chicago.

ST. JACOBS OIL
SURE CURE.
CURES PERMANENTLY
NEURALGIA.

Intense Pain in Face.

Little Rapids, Wis., March 2, 1889.
My wife suffered with such intense neuralgia pains in the face; she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with St. Jacobs Oil, and it cured her in four hours.
CARL SCHEIHE.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
SHORTENS LABOR
LESSENS PAIN
DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
BOOK "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRAZER'S AXLE GREASE

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. FLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
For all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure Cure for Nervous Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness. Infallible if taken as directed. 24 Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they pay express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Sold only by the Wells Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.
D. H. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

GARMENTS GUARANTEED TO FIT PERFECT WITHOUT TRYING ON.
FREE
by return mail full descriptive circulars of HOOD'S NEW FASHION SYSTEM OF DRESS CUTTING. Any lady of ordinary intelligence can easily and quickly learn to cut and make any garment, in any style to any measure for lady or child. Address MOODY & CO. CINCINNATI, O.

$100 A MONTH and more is earned by graduates who spend 6 months or less at the College. Send address of 20 friends and get circular and beautiful specimens of penmanship FREE. Both sexes attend. Shorthand taught by mail. BUSINESS COLLEGE, Sterling, Ill.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (1c.) stamp, by addressing. THEODORE HOLAND, P. O. Box 120. Phila., Pa.

WANTED Salesmen. Newest and Choicest Fruits for the West. Best trees: best terms; best plan; best outfit free. Missouri Nursery Co., Louisiana, Missouri.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $2.75 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

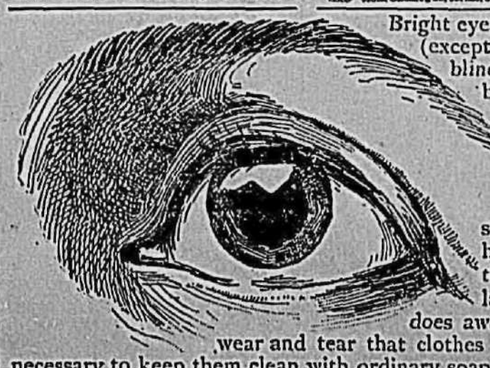
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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. Tower, Boston, Mass.

Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College!
SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE and ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL, is the STANDARD INSTITUTION and the LARGEST IN THE WORLD! Full information, Catalogue, terms, etc., sent FREE. Address H. B. BRYANT & SON, Proprietors, Chicago, Ill.



Bright eyes and dull; near sighted; far sighted; anybody (except those who won't, and they are worse than blind) can see at a glance the advantages gained by using PEARLINE. We do not expect everyone will see it, but millions do, and the number increases every day.

Delicate women and strong, wonder at the amount of work they can do with the aid of PEARLINE—the time saved; the satisfactory results, and when they have used it for years they realize that everything that is washed or cleaned with Pearline lasts longer. This is very simple—Pearline does away with most of the rubbing—the greatest wear and tear that clothes are subjected to is the repeated rubbings necessary to keep them clean with ordinary soap. Your own interests should lead you to use it, if you do your own work and value your fine linens and flannels; the latter reason should surely convince any bright woman that it is to her interest to see that her servants use it. PEARLINE makes a saving all around

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not. 289 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A M[illegible]FICENT STOCK OF CLOTHING JUST UNPACKED AT C. O. FOLTZ'

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

ANTIOCH, - - - - - ILLINOIS.

Entered at the Postoffice at Antioch Illinois, as Second Class Mail Matter.

ANTIOCH, ILL. SEP. 10, 1889.

Subscribe for the NEWS, $1. per year.

The pioneer of progressiveness, the Chicago *News* is making a vigorous crusade against the Sunday saloons of Chicago, and is in time bound to win. With all our heart we wish the *Daily News* success in this laudable undertaking.

The Supervisors at their session last week voted no license; this was quite a surprise to many who had supposed the present board was a majority in favor of license. Beer drinkers in this village feel considerably put out over the action of the board, while the "cold water men" feel jubilant over the matter.

The committee on the Worlds Fair in Chicago are doing active work in getting funds raised for the purpose, and already have assurances that all necessary funds will be raised. When Chicago gets its shoulder to the wheel something is bound to roll, and the Worlds' Fair is the plum the avarage Chicagoan is reaching after, and is sure to capture.

Fire at Bristol, Wis.

On last Friday evening about half past five o'clock this village was surprised by the cry of fire. Everybody started with buckets and pails or any thing else capable of holding water to the scene of the fire, which proved to be the barn owned and occupied by the Shotliff Brothers. Everything was done which could be done but with no avail, as the fire had such headway that it was impossible to put it out but by hard work they succeeded in saving other buildings in the vicinity, but had the wind been in any other quarter Bristol would have woke up Saturday either a corpse or so badly scorched that she could not have been recognized by her best friends. The loss to the boys was about $600. Insured in the Home, of New York, for $300, *Kenosha Leader.*

TREVOR, WIS.

The I. O. O. F. Picnic at Silver Lake.

The Odd Fellows of Burlington Lodge No. 11, Friendship No. 18 of Racine Co., Salem Lodge of Kenosha Co. Wis. and Lake Lodge No. 627 of Antioch, Lake Co. Ills. with their families and friends, met at Schenning's Grove on the bank of Silver Lake, one of the most beautiful and picturesque spots in the State of Wisconsin, for the purpose of having an Odd Fellows social gathering and friendly greeting. The day was fine as heart could desire in the after part of the day.

The first thing in order was the spread of a sumptuous feast furnished by the wives of the Bros. after which they were called from refreshment to labor by the President of the day. After listening to a fine piece of music by the Antioch Cornet Band and the singing of the opening ode, an address of welcome was made by the president, after which the speaker of the day P. G. P. of the G. E. and P. G. Rep. to Sov. Grand Lodge of the U. S. Lewis Silber of Milwaukee was introduced to the assemblage; he gave them an address worthy of the occasion after which the Antioch Quartette sang a fine piece after which P. G. Thomas Maisland spoke his little piece and at the close, all who wished were invited to the fine dancing hall where they could trip the fantastic to the music of the Grass Lake String band, and on the whole it was enjoyed by all both old and young. It is now the intention of the several Lodges in the counties of Kenosha, Racine and Lake to hold an aniversary meeting on the 26th of April next of which due notice will be given where all the lodges in this part of the state and those in the state of Illinois are cordially invited to join us as it is one of the finest locations in the West and has good Rail Road facilities. Come one, come all.

GRASS LAKE.

Mrs. George Cropper returned to her home in Chicago Friday.

H. Middendorff's wife and cousin made a call at the Ramaker house and took a ride on Capt. Yager's steamer the Jennie.

Miss Nettie Selter arrived safely in Dakota and reports it quite cold out there.

Saturday night at the Ramaker house was spent very pleasantly; a large crowd from the city came on the evening train, but not as many as was expected on account of the rain but they had the "Germain" the ladies wearing hand painted cards. Mrs. Knowlton presided at the Piano, Prof. Fitzgerald called for the dancing.

There were about 40 guests at the Ramaker house over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Baskerfield of Waukegan, parents of Engineer Baskerfield of the "Jennie" were at the Ramaker house Sunday.

Fred Loof is laid up with the fever and ague, combined with rhumatism, and is under the doctors care.

Mrs. William Allen Jr. who has been quite sick is somewhat better under the treatment of Dr. Karr. They are stopping with his father Mr. Wm. Allen.

"Ah there" wasn't that "got a hustle on you" grand Saturday? You bet.

Quite a number of our people attended the I. O. O. F. Picnic at Silver Lake Saturday. We drove to Antioch and took the 10:6 train just as it began to rain; as soon as we arrived at the lake the A. C. B. played two or three pieces, then marched to the depot. First came the band boys then members of the I. O. O. F. lodge who marched to the depot to meet the speakers and escort them to the grounds. Dinner was then announced we (that is Rob Selter and wife and myself) were invited to dine with the family of J. E. Didama, and thankfully accepted the invitation, having eaten breakfast at 6 A.M. so that with appetites whetted to a keen edge we did ample justice to the bounteous repast spread before us. Prop. Schenning welcomed us to the grounds and kindly invited us to dine at his hotel. but having eaten we took a stroll around the beautiful and well kept grounds, until the afternoon programme was opened with a selection, and song by the Antioch Quartette in which all the brethren joined then followed a nice little address by S. A. Didama, President of the day, next a selection by the A. C. B. followed by a song by the Quartette, then the speaker of the day Louis Silber a representative of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of America made a very able and eloquent address which was listened to with marked attention by all present. Then followed more music and singing, and with kind words and good cheer brother met brother and thus the day passed away very pleasantly until 6:30 P. M. when we took the train for home having passed a very pleasant day at the I. O. O. F. Picnic.

Soule's Summer Resort.

EDITOR ANTIOCH NEWS:

My delightful summer is over, and with the chilly mornings of September, comes the desire for a return to the city, but I am determined to stick it out till October 1st. My old friend and host William Soule left for Chicago last evening to consult, at my urgent request, Dr. R. E. Hunter of 103 State St. who I hope will be able to help him; his health is failing him so rapidly as to give his friends some alarm. Mr. George Barnard of 108 Madison St. accompanied him.

I read of some one at Effingers loosing a large bass; I saw the fish fastened to a boat. There were two on the string, the larger one having his gills almost torn away. Some one had taken my anchor, so I put in at Mr. Effinger's boat house to look for a stone. I then saw the fish. Had any one stolen the bass, the gentleman who was fishing almost directly in front of the boat house, must have seen them. How furious I would be should any one steal my fish, but you see I never by any chance leave a thing in the boats or near the shore, and fish are a particular temptation and it is not right to tempt any one. I am so very fond of the sport that I can catch all I want for my own use, and when I want any for my friends, Captain George Paddock, whom everybody knows is an expert angler, will supply me. I have had as much success as any one on the lakes, of course I don't pretend to compete with Mr Cobb, but I'll fish with any one else in this county, and back myself, and do my own rowing too, and I dont pot fish either, if I may use a hunters phrase, I put out no baited blocks or bottles. Send your anglers along some off day. I've fished with city experts, and would like to have a go with some one who knows the habits of fish; I can learn more, you see. My only quality so far is patience and I guess that fetches them in the end. I'm going to have one days fishing in Fox River, and intend having Mrs. Soule as companion. I will let you know what success we have if some careless hunter dont shoot us before we return. I confess I'm a little afraid of a gun in the hands of any one save myself.

Mrs. F. S. Flint.

CYPRESS NEWS.

The Cypress school began Monday with Mr. Cull as teacher.

Mrs. Bertha Fox was at her brother's John Lane the past week.

Mr. James Briton has been very busy threshing. The most of the farmers have their threshing done.

Mr. Raymond Morehouse is attending the teachers institute at Ashbury Chapel, Bristol. It was to last four weeks.

Mrs. Andrew Smith's sister and husband from Denmark are visiting her and family. They intend to make this country their future home.

Mr. Silas Smith of Kansas has gone to Oshkosh to visit Mr. Wilson and friends. When he returns the elder Mrs. Gaines of this place intends to accompany him and spend the winter with her grand daughter.

Mr. Cappel met with a severe accident last week, his horse kicked him on the knee, breaking the knee cap. It will lay him up some time and they are afraid it will cripple that limb.

Mr. George Hickox of Tomah left Cypress for home Monday, intending to make short visits at Rockford, South Bend and Stillman Valley. He was very much pleased with this country, admired the lakes, had three fishing expeditions and was very successful catching 64 in less than two hours, some bass very nice.

PERSONAL MENTION.

James McNeil of Fox Lake was in our village Wednesday.

Dr. H. C. Darby of Wilmot was in our village Tuesday.

John Drury has been on the sick list for the past few days.

Wm. Tidmarsh of Lake Villa made our office a short call Saturday.

Albert Lieber has been nursing a felon on his hand for the past week.

Lawyer Karney of Burlington was in our village Saturday evening.

T. A. Emmons is building an ice house for Mr. Clingman out at Channel Lake.

George Webb's family will soon move to Lake Villa and take up their residence there.

J. C. James Sr. started for Milwaukee Tuesday morning to visit with friends there.

Frank Pitman Jr. started for Bristol Monday to work in the butter factory there.

J. E. Perkins was visiting with his parents and friends in Burlington over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Webb will start today (Thursday) for a visit with friends in York State.

Wm. McCann of Millburn was in our village Tuesday, and made the NEWS a short call.

B. O. Drom has been visiting with friends at Thawville, Iroquois Co., Ills. for the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ramaker of Grass Lake made our office a business call Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rogers started for Batavia, Ills. Wednesday, where they will remain for some time.

Mrs. T. A. Emmons and her son Will started for Chicago Monday for a two weeks visit with friends there.

Fred Rymer will occupy R. C. Jones' house, and Frank Hooper will move into the house now occupied by Rymer.

R. C. Jones and family have moved out of the village and will live with Mrs. Jones' parents Mr. and Mrs. Leech.

Mr. John Porter Sr. will please accept our thanks for a basket of nice eating apples, presented the office Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams and family have been visiting with friends at Darien, Wis. during the fore part of the week.

Mrs. W. H. Ring has been visiting with friends in Chicago for the past week. Mr. Ring goes to the City to-day, (Thursday.) to accompany her home.

J. C. Richardson of Prairie Farm, Wis. made a business trip to our village Tuesday, and will return home in a few days. his father will accompany him home, for a short visit.

Vespers at Teheran.

One of the most impressive things in the daily life of Teheran is the ceremony of horn-blowing at sunset, says a writer in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*. It is a very ancient custom and evidently a relic of the barbaric splendor of ancient Iran, when Persia was among the foremost nations of the earth and her mailed warriors, swarming like locusts, were wont to dominate the east. Every evening an hour before sunset a company of musicians repair to the bala-khama (balcony; our word is taken from the Persian) over the gates to the front and rear of the royal palace, and proceed to usher in the close of another day with discordaud blasts from ancient Persian trumpets and noisy bolabring of kettle and snare drums. These musicians are arrayed in fantastic scarlet costumes not unlike the dress of a fifteenth century jester, and every evening at sundown they repair to these balakhamas and for the space of an hour dispense music of the most unearthly character and volume. The trumpets are sounding tubes of brass, 5 or 6 feet long, and from long practice and force of lungs the tooters fill the whole city with a fierce, brassy blare that sounds barbaric in the extreme. They make no attempt at time or harmony, but each trumpeter endeavors to outdo his fellows in volume of noise. As sunset approaches a company of more modern trumpeters appear in the artillery square or topmaidan, the same place where the young fanatic tried to carve me with his sword in Tazzia week, and likewise proceed to toot. For several minutes there is a fierce rivalry of very brassy melody between the ancient and modern trumpeters; but as the sun sinks out of sight behind the western mountains the whole volume and blare expires in a discordant blast, the like of which is to be heard nowhere else on earth.

Too Much Sunday Work.

An amusing incident of the impressions made upon the Chinese mind by Christian teaching may be gathered from the following: "A clergyman employed a Chinese boy to assist in the kitchen, and, Sunday being the former's heaviest day of labor, there was naturally plenty of work on that day in the culinary department. It was the first Sunday the Celestial had been in the house, and after the dishes had been cleared and cleansed from the afternoon dinner Ah Got went to Chinatown, but failed to return. He learned a little English and writing in the mission school, and left the following note on the kitchen table: "Too much Sunday work no good. I go. Lamb of God. China Boy." He had appropriated the literal meaning of the third commandment.—*Victoria (B. C.) Colonist.*

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THE SUN AND THE WIND.

A Dispute once arose Betwixt the north Wind and The Sun. or at least, Æsop says so, as to their Respective Superiority, and they agreed to See which could first induce a Traveler to part with His cloak. The North Wind began and blew through his Whiskers, with a very Cold Blast. indeed, accompanied with a Shower of wet, Wet Rain. That's where the Wind got Left. The Traveler Exclaimed: "Darn this Journeying on Foot, anyway. I shall save time, attain a Green old Age, and leave a Respected name to my children if I travel on that Famous Line, the Wisconsin Central." And he "came In out of the wet" and bought a Ticket, and rode in the Luxurious Coaches, and slept at night in the Magnificent Sleepers furnished by that line.

A Woman and a Bunko Man.

A rainy night, and Twenty-third street was almost deserted, says the New York *Tribune*. A young woman was hastening upon her way when she saw before her on the muddy walk a bright circle of gold, a ring. She stooped to pick it up; a man coming from the opposite direction saw it also, and at the same moment leaned forward to reach it. The lady gave way; the man, upon rising, politely said: "Here is your ring, madam."

"No, no, it is not mine," said the lady.

"Then it is your find," replied the man.

"I think it is yours," replied the lady.

"Well, I don't want it," said he.

"Nor I," said she.

"See, it does not fit me at all; it's a lady's ring," said he.

"Perhaps your wife might like it," said she.

"My wife is dead," said he.

"Can't you give it to some one else," said she.

"No, madam, I don't care for it. You keep it. Just give me a quarter to buy a couple of cigars and it will be all right."

The lady hesitated for only a moment—a cheap ring, surely; will sell for $2 at least; and that will buy—and a vision of gloves, hosiery, and ladies flitted through her brain. "Ah, yes, here is your quarter," and to ease a sudden twitch of conscience she dropped an extra 10-cent piece into his hand, and slipping the ring upon her finger to keep it safe she hurried home.

"How happy you look," said her husband, as she was removing her wraps.

"Do I? Well, I'm in luck."

"Luck, how?"

"I've found something very valuable," said she, drawing off her ring and handing it to him, "and have had a very interesting experience." While his brows were drawn together in a critical examination of the treasure she related the episode as it occurred, not even leaving out the extra 10-cent piece.

He threw back his head with a hearty laugh and said: "The thing is brass. That was a fraud elegantly played."

"Oh, it can't be!" said she, faintly.

"But it is, my dear."

"Then I shall write to the papers and other unsuspicious women shall be warned."

A Historical Poodle.

Probably no dog has ever rendered such signal military service, or been so honorably recognized, as the celebrated poodle, Mustache, who shared the victorious fortunes of the French army through most of the wars of the consulate and of the French Empire. He won special honors at Marengo, and was decorated on the battlefield of Austerlitz by Marshal Lannes as a reward for having rescued his regimental standard from an Austrian soldier when in the act of snatching it from the grasp of the standard-bearer, as he fell mortally wounded. The plucky poodle drove off the assailant, and then seizing the tattered colors in his teeth, dragged them triumphantly till he reached his own company.

Many are the incidents recorded of the bravery and sagacity of this prince of poodles. In the van of scouting parties he detected many an Austrian ambush, and on at least one occasion he drew attention to the presence of a disguised spy in the camp. Moreover, to his vigilance was due the failure of a night attack by a body of Austrians, of whose vicinity in the valley of Balbo the French were apparently ignorant. —*Vinton's Gazette.*

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